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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

MAY

Lord Randolph Churchill

by Henry W. Lucy

Ernest Renan in His Youth

Quack Journalism

Literature and Statesmanship

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The Tavern of Despair

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1907

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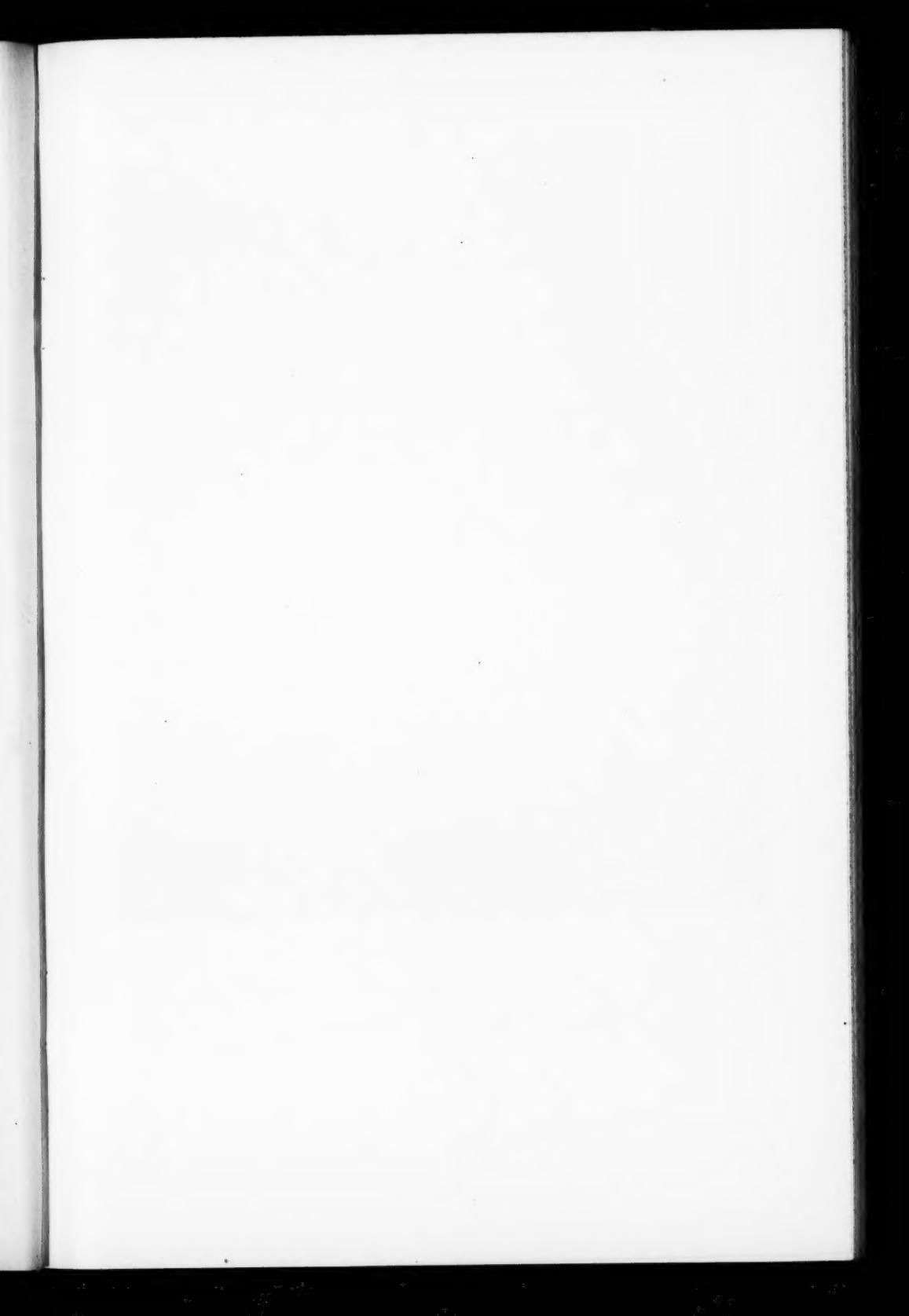
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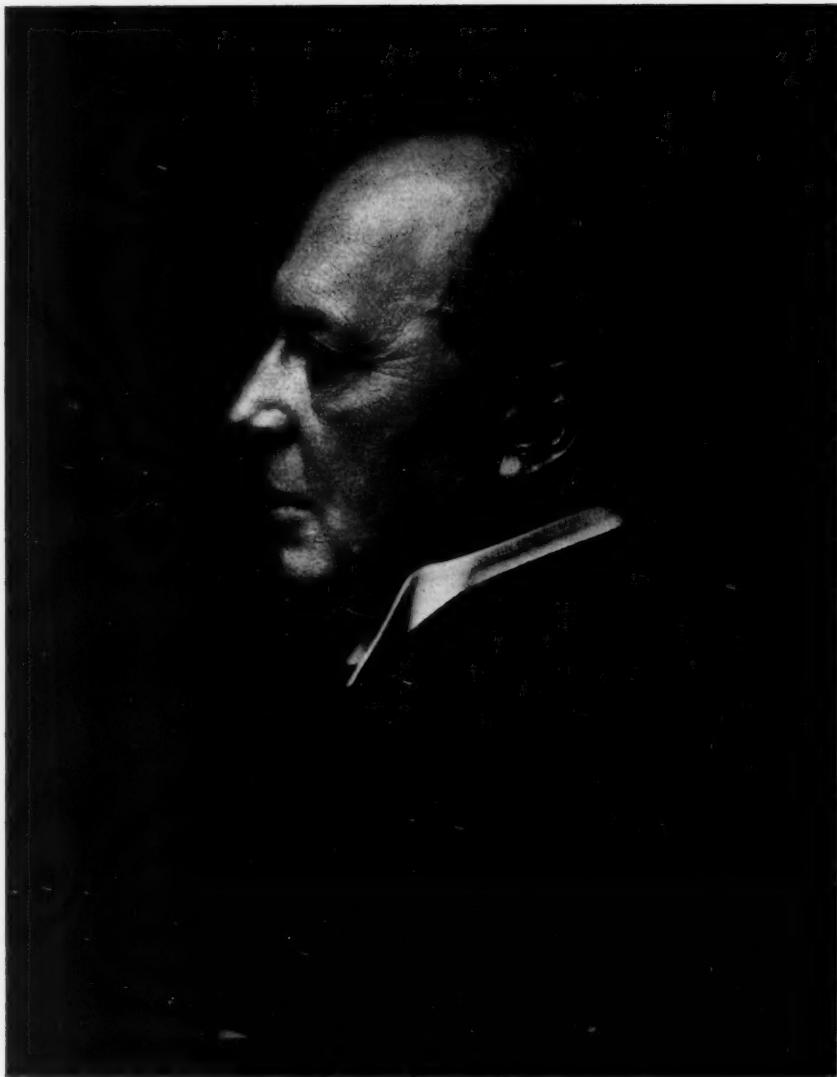
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Henry James

From a photograph taken for this magazine by Hollinger
on Mr. James's latest visit to this country
(See page 164)

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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

VOL. II

MAY, 1907

NO. 2

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

AS I KNEW HIM

By HENRY W. LUCY "Toby, M. P.," of *Punch*



HE first time I noticed Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons was on a May day in 1875. Sir Charles Dilke, pursuing what threatened to be an annual crusade against unreformed Corporations, made merry at the expense of Woodstock; then represented by one who, up to this time, was known in the Parliamentary arena simply as a cadet of the ducal house of Marlborough. From the third bench behind that on which Ministers ought to have been sitting—but whence, unmindful of the portent whose fulfilment had vital interest for some of them and for the Conservative Party, they were absent—rose a well-groomed young man with protuberant eyes, pale face, and a ponderous moustache, with which as he spoke he nervously toyed. Members asking each other "Who's this?" learned that it was the Member for Woodstock, rising to defend the Corporation of the borough that sent him to Parliament.

Though assisted by notes, on which the speech was fully written out, the young Member was so nervous, his voice so badly pitched, his delivery so faulty, that there was

difficulty in following his argument. But here and there flashed forth a scathing sentence that made it worth while to attempt to catch the rest. When he sat down Lord Randolph had made his mark, had established himself as an interesting personality in an assembly in which within ten years he was predominant.

Three years later he justified the promise made in this casual speech. It was in March, 1878, that he appeared in the rôle, subsequently familiar, of candid friend of a Conservative Ministry. Mr. Selater-Booth, President of the Local Government Board, brought in a County Government Bill whose main object was to transfer the government of counties to Boards elected partly by the County Magistrates, partly by the Board of Guardians. The rejection of the Bill was moved by Mr. Rylands, a fussy Radical who through successive Sessions was, like Martha, troubled about many things. To the astonishment of the House, Lord Randolph Churchill rose from the Ministerial side to second the amendment. The personal conjunction was piquant enough to attract attention. Lord Randolph's speech held it in close grip.

"I do not," said the Member for Woodcock, as Jacob Bright in his solitary unpremeditated flash of humor called him, "want to say any-

thing disagreeable. But I have ransacked the whole arsenal of denunciatory phrases and have not found any that adequately express my estimation—or rather lack of estimation—of the measure." Failing full success in that direction, he characterized the Bill as "Brummagem make, stuffed with all the little dodges of a President of the Local Government Board, when he comes to attempt to legislate upon a great question."

This brought him to the President of the Local Government Board, seated massive, apparently impulsive, on the Treasury Bench over which Randolph threateningly towed.

"Remarkable," he murmured, contemplating the back of Scratser-Booth's head, "how often we find mediocrity dowered with a double-barrelled name."

"I have no objection," he continued, "to the President of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of Inspectors of Nuisances. But I do entertain the strongest possible objection to his coming down here with all the appearance of a great law-giver to repair according to his small ideas, and in his little way, breaches in the British Constitution."

In these later years, frank criticism by private Members of their pastors and masters on either Front Bench is so common as to attract little attention. In 1878 it was not altogether unknown below the Gangway on the Liberal side. It was quite new with Conservatives. As Randolph spoke, the Ministerialists sat silent in pained amazement whilst the Liberals gleefully watching Scratser-Booth bolt upright on the Treasury Bench, with head slightly thrown back, one leg crossed over the other, hands clasped across his portly figure, an unwonted flush on his stolid countenance, laughed and cheered.

The sheaf of notes held in Lord Randolph's right hand testified to careful preparation. At this time and for some years later, Lord Ran-

dolph was in the habit of writing out his speeches, learning them by heart, and reciting them. Amid the excitement of his attack on Scratser-Booth his notes got inextricably mixed up. He attempted to sort them by arranging them between the open fingers of either hand, a device that had comical result. Waving his hands about in the heat of oratory, the action suggested that he was playing with what schoolboys call clappers. Happily the laughter and cheering from the delighted Opposition was so persistent that he had time and opportunity to find successive clues, and triumphantly proceeded to the close of a speech that established his position as an original, daring debater.

Having joined a turbulent Radical in opposing the measure of a Conservative Government, Lord Randolph proceeded to make things more unpleasant for right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench. He denounced the Bill as "this most Radical and Democratic measure, this crowning desertion of Tory principles, this supreme violation of political honesty." There was further echo of Disraeli attacking Peel in the peroration. "I have," he said, "raised the last wail of the expiring Tory Party. They have undergone a good deal. They have swallowed an immense amount of nastiness. They have had their banner dragged along many a muddy path. It has been slapped in many a filthy puddle till it is so altered that nobody can recognize it."

After this outburst the young Member for Woodstock, to the relief of Ministers, more especially of the hapless President of the Local Government Board, practically retired from the scene. It is true that the following month he, with characteristic audacity, stirred the deep pools of the Irish Education question. But his attendance was rare and thereafter his silence complete. It seemed as if he had finally relapsed into the state of indifference to political ambition and Parliamentary



Vanity Fair, 10 July, 1880

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL
("A YOUNGER SON")

allurements that marked his earlier manhood.

It is a coincidence notable in view of subsequent events that, on the threshold of their careers, Arthur Balfour and Randolph Churchill were alike indifferent, even inimical, to a Parliamentary career. By further coincidence, it was accidental vacancy in a family pocket-borough that led both to Westminster and a place in history. In the autumn of 1873 Mr. Balfour took counsel with his uncle as to what he should do with his young life. It happened that a vacancy was pending in the representation of the family borough. "Why not sit for Hertford?" Lord Salisbury, at his wits' end for form of advice, suggested. After some hesitation the future Prime Minister accepted the invitation. Lord Randolph was almost driven by his father into the Parliamentary seat of Woodstock. Hertford and Woodstock have gone the way of all small boroughs lying in the pathway of a juggernaut Reform Bill. The names of their representatives elected to the Parliament of 1874-80 will live forever.

It was accident that brought Lord Randolph finally out of his shell. By fresh coincidence the same episode was the occasion of Mr. Balfour's emerging from the condition of Philosophic Doubt in which hitherto he regarded the assumed privilege and pleasure of membership of the House of Commons. In the haze that gathers round events even so recent as a quarter of a century ago, it is generally understood that Lord Randolph devised the Bradlaugh difficulty—that thin edge of the wedge inserted with fatal result in the framework of the great Liberal majority in the earliest stage of its existence. That is an error. It was Sir Henry Wolff who first raised objection to the Member for Northampton taking the oath. He was discouraged, his action disconcerted by Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir John Gorst, not yet knighted, rallied to his side. Some of the country gentlemen, scent-

ing sport, began to cheer the grave and reverent champion of Christianity. It was on the 3d of May, 1880, that Bradlaugh raised the controversy by presenting himself at the Table, claiming the right to affirm instead of taking the oath. It was not till the 24th of May that Randolph Churchill appeared on the scene. With characteristic acumen and industry, he had spent the interval in studying Bradlaugh's published writings. He brought down with him a copy of one pamphlet entitled "*The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick*." Having read a passage, he flung the book on the floor and stamped upon it. This reminiscence of Burke and his dagger, in analogous fashion used to punctuate a passage in impassioned speech, momentarily took away the breath of the crowded audience. When it was recovered Ministerialists loudly laughed. In the end, as we know, it proved no laughing matter for them. As Mr. John Morley testifies, the controversy thus begun "went on as long as the Parliament, clouded the radiance of the party triumph, threw the new Government at once into a minority, and dimmed the ascendancy of the great Minister."

Incidentally the Fourth Party was created. Various explanations of the origin of the historic name are current. Some find it in the fact that it was composed of four persons, "which," as Euclid emphatically remarks, "is absurd." Mr. Winston Churchill suggests its origin in an interjected conversation in debate. A Member affirming that there were two great parties in the State, Mr. Parnell interjected, "Three." Lord Randolph going one better cried "Four." That incident may have contributed to the vogue of the phrase. It actually had its origin in a passage in a speech by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, who, alluding to a condition of things at the time prominent in the French Legislature, named the Irish Nationalists "*Le Tiers Parti*." The suggestion of a Fourth Party thereupon becomes obvious.



Vanity Fair, 24 Sept., 1887

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR
("THE IRISH SECRETARY")

Absence of premeditation in connection with an epoch-making combination was attested by the circumstance that when Sir Henry Wolff and Mr. John Gorst, seated on the Front Bench below the Gangway, opened the Bradlaugh business, Lord Randolph had settled himself on the third bench above the Gangway, corresponding with the place occupied by him during his first Parliament. Warming to the work, he found it desirable to be in close communication with his new allies, and he accordingly changed his quarters. His supremacy was speedily asserted. Paul Drummond Wolff might have planted the sapling; Apollos Randolph Churchill watered it so effectually that its proportions spread till they overtopped all trees of the forest. Within a fortnight of his appearance below the Gangway he was the acknowledged leader of the Fourth Party, now recruited by the languorous figure, the occasional attendance, of Mr. Arthur Balfour.

According to long-established tradition, broken only in the case of Parnell, who cherished inflexible scorn of all precedents of a Saxon Parliament, leaders of sectional parties, however minute, must needs hold a corner seat from which they address the House. At the time when Lord Randolph assumed leadership of the Fourth Party seated in a row on the Front Bench below the Gangway, the corner seat was held by Beresford Hope, an old and esteemed Member, whose Batavian grace Disraeli in a historic passage recognized. Apart from his high Parliamentary position, he was Arthur Balfour's uncle, and must needs be entreated gently. For the greater part of the Session of 1880 he remained in near neighborhood with the lively group. Approaching a dazed condition, he remembered the fact that, though as a matter of practice the bench flanking the Table to the left of the Speaker is reserved for ex-Ministers, Privy Councillors have equal right to share its accommodation. One

afternoon, to the surprise—when they realized the situation, to the delight—of the House, Beresford Hope passed his accustomed seat, and crossing the Gangway, took up his quarters on the Front Opposition Bench. "They made it too hot for me," he whispered in the sympathetic ear of Sir Richard Cross, whose connection with W. H. Smith in a new Parliamentary firm of Marshall & Snelgrove, Lord Randolph, scornful of spotless respectability, was accustomed to affirm. The Leader of the Fourth Party personally succeeded to the vacant seat, jumping upon it and boisterously waving his hat, when, five years later, his work in Opposition was done, his triumph complete in the downfall of a Ministry which in 1880 came back from the polls apparently impregnable.

During the more or less tumultuous five Sessions that limited the life of the Parliament elected in 1880, Lord Randolph Churchill increased in esteem of Parliament and the country day by day. Having once put his hand to the plough he, to the surprise of old friends, showed no sign of turning back. Familiar with his impulsive nature, they expected that after the spurt in the Bradlaugh business he would once more, as he did after crushing Sclater-Booth, dawdle back into the idleness of the man about town. On the contrary, he stuck to his post with a constancy that left no opportunity neglected. He had the advantage, attractive in the House of Commons, of being the impartial critic alike of Ministers and ex-Ministers. On the whole he paid more deference to Mr. Gladstone than to his nominal leader, Sir Stafford Northcote.

"The Goat" was the name by which the latter was known and spoken of by his young friends below the Gangway. It was not given on account of any conjectured amatory proclivities, but because Sir Stafford's placid countenance being fringed at the chin with a somewhat long beard, they perceived in it resemblance to a goat in moments of



Vanity Fair, 8 Oct., 1870

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

meditation. Further recommendation of the appropriateness of the nickname was discerned in the appearance of weakness about a goat's knees implied by overlapping of the upper portion of the limb.

Sir Stafford bore his cross with pathetic meekness. Once, to the huge delight of the House, he turned and rent his tormentor. Interposing in a controversy between the two Front Benches, Lord Randolph moved an amendment which, if carried, would have extricated Ministers from a difficulty. "The action of the noble lord," said Sir Stafford, "reminds me of the practice of the confederate of the thimble-rigger on the race-course. 'A bonnet' he is called, I believe, his business being, whilst concealing personal knowledge of the operator, and complicity with his game, to assist it by egging on the public to take a hand."

No one enjoyed this double-edged stroke more than Lord Randolph. Possibly his delight was increased by the fact that Sir Stafford, of all men, had managed, without being called to order by the Speaker, to liken Mr. Gladstone to a thimble-rigger. Sir Stafford's combativeness was exhausted by this flash of barbed wit. Once, early in the Session of 1883, he wrote a private letter remonstrating with the leader of the Fourth Party upon the appearance of what he regarded as an inspired paragraph in the morning papers, announcing that in a certain contingency they would act against the Front Opposition Bench. The reply he received did not encourage further correspondence on that line.

Lord Randolph had no personal animosity towards Sir Stafford, one of the sweetest-natured, highest-principled men who ever attempted to breast the masterful tide of political life. But he honestly believed that his leadership of the party in the Commons was fatal to the interests and prospects of the Conservative Party. He was, accordingly, almost brutally implacable in his pursuit, finally succeeding,

against the heart's desire of Lord Salisbury, in driving him out of the Commons. When the end of the Gladstone Government was in sight, someone asked Sir Stafford Northcote, "What place will you give Randolph when your Government is formed?" "Ask rather," replied the veteran statesman, "what place will he give me." The words were spoken in bitter jest. But, as the proverb affirms, many a true word is spoken in jest.

Another occupant of the Front Opposition Bench whom Randolph could n't bear, was Sir Richard Cross. His native mediocrity, made more prominent by a certain pomposity of manner familiar in chairmen of quarter sessions, rankled in his bosom. With W. H. Smith (partner as mentioned in the fabled firm of "Marshall & Snelgrove") he was somewhat impatient. But that gentleman's modest manner, concealing sterling merit, disarmed animosity.

There was an amusing scene in the House in the Session of 1882 illustrating this little prejudice. An amendment to a Bill before the House was moved without notice, and carried. Mr. Gladstone, in charge of the Bill, moved a consequential amendment. Naturally it was not on the printed paper, and Lord Randolph, discussing it, was at a loss to recall the precise phraseology. Sir Richard Cross, above all things a man of business, made a note of the amendment as it was read out from the Chair. With shrewd idea of propitiating the terrible young man below the Gangway he, with engaging smile, handed him his note. The consequences were akin to what followed in the case of a man who, fleeing from a grizzly bear, remembered he had a bun in his pocket, and stopped to present the refreshment to his pursuer; for Sir Richard was snapped up, body and boots. "A pretty pass we've come to in the House of Commons," said Lord Randolph, with dainty repugnance holding the sheet of paper between finger and thumb, "when we have to consider amendments



Fanity Fair, 31 July, 1880

MR. JOHN GORST
(“TORY ORGANIZATION”)



Vanity Fair, 16 May, 1874.

MR. RICHARD A. CROSS
("THE NEW MAN")

passed about from hand to hand on dirty bits of paper."

The smile faded from Sir Richard's countenance. He, K.C.B., ex-Home Secretary, trusted lieutenant of Benjamin Disraeli, had condescendingly gone out of his way to pay personal attention to a young and unofficial Member, and had been rewarded by public accusation of harboring a dirty piece of paper.

Lord Randolph and his merry men were always ready for a lark at the expense of portentous personages on the Front Opposition Bench. One night, the business on the paper approaching conclusion, Sir Stafford and his colleagues seized the opportunity of going off to bed. "Come along," said Randolph to Drummond Wolff, and crossing the Gangway, followed by two thirds of his party, he seated himself in the place of the Leader of the Opposition. Thence he raised debate, *à propos de bottes*, which the three kept going for an hour, to the increasing anger of Ministers necessarily kept in their places, and the amusement of a small body of Members on both sides who had agreeably dined.

Lord Randolph's often successfully concealed admiration for Mr. Gladstone was based upon intellectual sympathy. If gratitude played any part in politics, which it notoriously does not, his esteem would have been supported on personal grounds. Having once devoted himself to political life, Lord Randolph was irresistible, his goal assured. But Mr. Gladstone gave him a good send-off at the start, sparing no pains to keep him going. With the generous instinct of a noble nature, he at the outset recognized the capacity and genius of his ruthless assailant and missed no opportunity of paying tribute to it. He habitually paid him the compliment of following him in debate--a rare compliment to be paid by a Prime Minister to an unofficial member. Towards the close of the long campaign termin-

ating in Ministerial disaster, mainly consequent on Lord Randolph's action, he instinctively, doubtless unconsciously, addressed his argument not to the Leader of the Opposition, but to the young man toying with his moustache on the corner seat below the Gangway. Lord Randolph was not slow to perceive the advantage thus secured for him. It would have been fatal to his aspirations and plans to have been severely ignored. When by accident approach to that calamity was indicated, the Fourth Party proceeded to "draw Gladstone," as they put it.

Committee, wherein a Member may speak as often as human patience will endure, was their favorite field for this sport. Lord Randolph would lead off, drawing that child of nature, Mr. Gladstone, into lengthy reply. When the Premier resumed his seat, Drummond Wolff rose, and, with profuse declarations of deference, asked for information on another point. Up got the Premier, brimming with energy and another speech. In this the subtle mind of John Gorst discovered a flaw which, he did not doubt, arose from misapprehension of what his honorable friend the Member for Christchurch had said. On this he labored for a quarter of an hour or more, Mr. Gladstone intently listening whilst his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, conscious of the snare, tossed about in despair. The temptation to instruct three guileless young men, evidently searchers after truth, certainly most deferential in their recognition of age and experience, was too much for the Premier, who eagerly sprang to his feet with a third speech. Thus did Lord Randolph's strategy, excelling the poet's bedstead, contrive a treble debt to pay. It wasted the time of the House; it undermined the authority of the Premier; and it kept the Fourth Party well to the front.

(To be continued)

ERNEST RENAN IN HIS YOUTH

I

By ALYS HALLARD



NE of the most poetical of the Brittany legends is that of the City of Ys, which in the far-back centuries is said to have sunk into the sea. The Brittany fishermen point still to the spot where the city is supposed to lie, and it is even said that on calm days the faint echo of its church bells can be heard. Renan, in his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," tells us that it often seems to him as though he had in the depths of his soul a City of Ys; that sometimes he liked to pause and listen to the trembling vibrations of the bells that persisted in ringing there, and that they were to him like voices from another world. It was a great pleasure to him, in his old age, during the tranquil summer days, to listen to all the distant sounds that came to him from a vanished Atlantis.

In the "Cahiers de Jeunesse" * which Renan's daughter is now publishing for the first time, she is giving to the world some of the long-buried treasures of her father's City of Ys, the bells of which he used to hear in the depths of his soul. The whole work consists of two large volumes, one of which was published last autumn, whilst the other is to appear sometime this year. These early notebooks will be a treasure trove of inestimable value to psychologists. They were written at the most critical period in Ernest Renan's life. He

was 23 years of age and had just made his great renunciation—for, to those who can realize all that the Catholic religion had been to the young Breton, it will be evident that it must have taken an almost super-human effort to tear up with his own hands the roots that had become part of his very nature.

Ernest Renan was born in 1823, at Tréguier, a little Breton town, founded by Breton *émigrés* of the sixth century. A monastery had first been built there and gradually a small town had sprung up around it. A cathedral was built in the thirteenth century, and four hundred years later there were a number of convents, so that Renan speaks of the little town as a "nest of priests and monks." His father belonged to a race of Breton sea-faring men and was drowned when Ernest was only five years old. The family were reduced to dire poverty, and Henriette, who was twelve years older than her brother, went out into the world to earn the money necessary for paying her father's debts and educating her younger brother. Ernest was thus left to his mother and the priests. He was a studious boy, caring more for books than games. At the age of fifteen, through Henriette's efforts, he was admitted to M. Dupanloup's Seminary of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet in Paris. From here he went on to the famous Saint Sulpice Seminary, founded in 1645, by Jean-Jacques Olier, a contemporary of Vincent de Paul, for the reform of ecclesiastic education. Renan was first sent to Issy, the branch college of Saint Sulpice, for his two years' study of philosophy. In 1843 he entered Saint Sulpice, and during his

* Most of the notes in this article are taken from the second volume of the "Cahiers de Jeunesse," which is to be published shortly. The translation has been done from the notes just as they were written.

theological studies made the discovery that he was a born philologist. It was the study of comparative philology which led Renan to a closer

Henriette, then in Poland, was in his confidence. He was penniless and obscure. In the Church he had seen before him a brilliant career, for in



ERNEST RENAN IN 1874

study of the Bible and the dogmas of the Catholic religion. After many months of severe struggle with himself he came to the conclusion that he could not conscientiously preach doctrines which he no longer believed to be sound, and, on his return from a holiday in Brittany, he went to the Saint Sulpice Seminary and honestly confessed his change of belief. To Renan, with his intensely sensitive nature, this renunciation was terrible, and he tells us that to him the whole universe then seemed "like a dry, cold desert." He came down the steps from the Seminary, and on closing the little iron gate it was to him as if his life were, by that barrier, divided into two. He compares himself at this epoch to a salt-water fish trying to get accustomed to the fresh water of a lake. His sister

his own branches of learning he was very remarkable. He was absolutely unknown in the world outside the ecclesiastical circle in which he had hitherto moved. Above all, he knew that his little Breton mother would be heart-broken, for her one ambition was to see her son a priest. On leaving the Seminary he lodged for a short time in a very modest hotel opposite, and in his hours of dreariness he used to go to the Saint Sulpice Church.

In one of Renan's books there is a chapter entitled "My First Steps Outside Saint Sulpice." He tells us that his ignorance of the world at that time in his life was complete. All that was not contained in books was unknown to him and he had never hitherto had to trouble about the material side of life. To have

time for thought and to pursue his studies seemed the one essential thing, and it was for this reason that he accepted a post *au pair* in the



ERNEST RENAN ABOUT 1860

Pension Crouzet, an institution where boys attended the lectures and were prepared for the examinations of the Lycée Henri Quatre. He stayed there for three years and a half, and the notes that he jotted down during this time are what his daughter is now publishing under the title of "Cahiers de Jeunesse." They are on various subjects and were written just as the ideas came to his mind, without any care for sequence or style, as they were not intended for publication. Their charm is in their spontaneity and sincerity, and the wonder of them is the maturity of mind which they prove, mingled at times with an almost childlike simplicity and candor.

Many of the thoughts and ideas contained in these notes form the basis of some of Renan's greatest writings, for from the time that his

convictions were once formed he changed very little. Most of the notes must have been written in 1845 and 1846—that is, two years before he completed "L'Avenir de la Science." (As a proof of how little Renan changed, we may mention that this work was first published forty years after it was written, and that the author found very little to alter in the text before giving it to the printer.) It is curious to note how observant he was and how ready to analyse his own mind and if possible to correct his own faults and failings. As he had only a few hours' teaching in his Pension, he had a great deal of time for his own work and for attending lectures.

Everything interested him—not only the lectures he heard, but the attitude of those who were listening to them, his own impressions and sentiments; and, side by side with notes on these subjects, we have scientific data and speculations of all kinds. There is great pathos in some of the first of these notes. One sees Renan in his lonely moments before he had become accustomed to his new life. It was very difficult for him to break entirely with his old habits and customs. From his earliest childhood the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church had meant very much to him and, with all the candor and simplicity of the true Breton, he had grown up considering Jesus as his closest and most intimate friend.

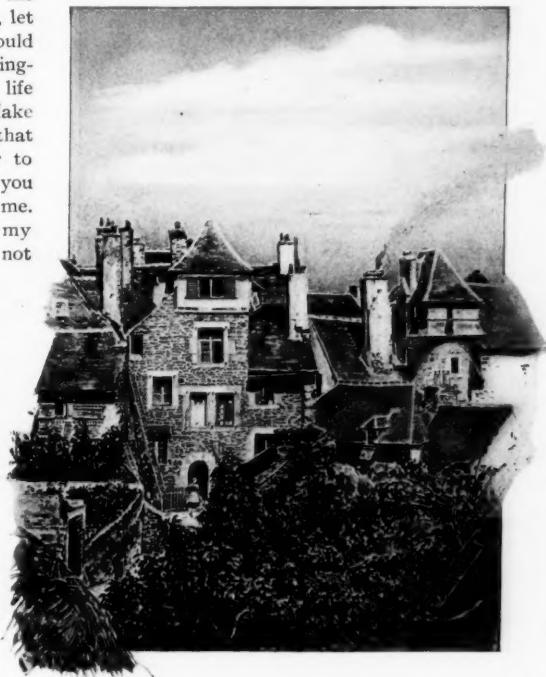
I have just been to confession [he writes] and I am very happy, although it has somewhat disturbed my mind. . . . I wanted to speak to the Jesus of the Gospel. Oh, this time he penetrated me and I saw in what an astonishing position I was with regard to him. He is the only man before whom I yield. I told him so, and I think that pleased him. It is true I would not for anything in the world pay the homage of superiority to any man of the present, past, and scarcely of the future. I said to him with all my heart: "You are my master morally, which is the chief thing. You are a God beside me."

I have an idea more than you, it is true: an idea which you could not and were not intended to have: It is *science*, which has its claims too. But oh, how you surpassed me in the great vital science! Oh, if I had known you, how I would have been your disciple! Love me, I beseech you, do! Persuade me if you will. I will do what you wish in order to please you.

"Would you like me to be a little child again, to even give up my science? I am willing to do this, but I cannot believe you would ask it of me. How I should like to know that you love me, for anyhow you cannot be dead! What are you? If you are God, so much the better, but if that be so, let me know it. Ah, if I could only see you, I would willingly spend the rest of my life without consolation. Make me believe about you all that I must believe in order to please you. Do what you will, so that you love me. Tell me, will you be my friend? Oh, can you not answer me? You could at least tell me what I must do in order to be your friend. For you are not one of the disdainful ones who repulse those who crave for friendship. You think me too much taken up with science, perhaps. But what am I to do? We are like that now-a-days, and yet I vow to you that I love you. There is something simple and pure in my mind, for science does not dry me up nor wither me. Yes, truly, I believe that our hearts were made for one another. You know very well that when I hear foolish people, who do not know you, speaking evil of you or not talking of you at all (which is still more ridiculous and superficial) I shrug my shoulders. I have never blasphemed you. Appear to me once in my life and I shall be content. At my death, at least,

I hope that in the other life we shall be friends and be together consciously. You will forgive me everything then, will you not? But I must believe that you love me now."

We can read in these heartfelt, impassioned lines that vein of mysticism which was inherent in Renan and made his struggle infinitely pathetic. With his loving nature it hurt him to give others pain, and Jesus had been his friend from his very infancy. His affection was still just as deep as it had ever been, and he was now trying to comprehend



BIRTHPLACE OF RENAN AT TRÉGUIER

exactly on what terms he was with this dearest friend of his.

His observations on cause and effect in the first volume of these "cahiers" show the activity and logic of his mind. When an idea came to him it seemed to be absolutely necessary for him to develop it. After a

note on the psychological classification of historical men he goes on to say:

It is astonishing how my imagination presents to me relatively the same point of

into contact brings about results for both of us: everything thus helps on everything; and every one can say without any vanity that he has helped more or less towards the progress of humanity, even the idiot who has scarcely contributed, except to the



ROOM AT TRÉGUIER IN WHICH RENAN STUDIED UNTIL THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

view in the material conception of the world of facts: universal action and reaction, every man taken up in the whirlpool, a certain thing happening in Germany and reacting on me; this thing caused in the first instance by the movement of an atom, and the movement of this atom caused by something that takes place in America, and the whole universe thus involved in it. . . .

I should be a priest if I had not come to Paris. I should not have come to Paris if Henriette had not come. Henriette would not have come if she had not known Mlle. Brunot. Her intercourse with Mlle. Brunot depended on some trifling circumstance, and that on another, etc. Everything is thus cause and effect. . . .

I eat some preserved fruit; the atoms of this came, perhaps, from the other end of France. I drink some wine, and for that some wine-grower must have worked for me. I meet with people who have come from America or Gibraltar, and our coming

atomic movement. And yet even he, with his fellow-idots, does contribute, as, by means of them, madness is studied and the science of mankind thus advanced. The idiot has his place in a mad-house; and such houses, like everything else, are part of the whirlpool.

Renan tells us, in his "Souvenirs," that his Saint Sulpice training had left so strong a mark on him that for years after he remained a Sulpicen in his life if not in his belief. He declares that his education there had been excellent. In speaking of his professors he says that in M. Gosselin he had seen the perfection of politeness, in M. Carbon the perfection of kindliness, and in M. Pinault, M. Le Hir, and M. Gottofrey the perfection of virtue. He tells us that he continued his studies just as ardently outside the Seminary as when he was in it, and that they confirmed

him in his ideas against the orthodox theology, so that at the end of a year he could not comprehend how he had ever believed in it. For some time his programme was to adhere to Christianity as far as this was possible without belief in the supernatural. He pursued his critical researches with regard to Christianity with the greater liberty that he now enjoyed outside the Church. For some time he continued his intercourse with his former masters. He was at this time attending the lectures on literature and philosophy of M. Le Clerc and M. Garnier at the Sorbonne. He also went to the College of France for Sanscrit and Hebrew, the professors of which were M. Eugène Burnouf and M. Quatremère. Many of his notes refer to these lectures, to the books and subjects he was studying at that time, or to the ideas that came to him as the result of his studies.

Humanity [he writes] is fastened to a stake by a chain that is wound round the stake, and it then keeps turning. For-

opposite way, and then its circumference decreases; but its natural movement is to make a wider circle. And so it goes on, always being limited and held back, but tending towards greater liberty. A terrible thought that of iron necessity, holding the thinker bound to the admitted ideas of his age, invincibly tied and held back within the circumference of his century. Useless, useless! To look forward is everything.

When I see a false or affected type of humanity, I feel a strange sentiment of repulsion, which is extremely disagreeable, and at the same time an irresistible fascination makes me want to gaze at this type, to fathom it, to pierce through it. At the Sorbonne, for instance, the man who has an unbearable look of affectation, who poses as an interesting pedant, exasperates me, and yet I cannot take my eyes from him. I have felt this before with certain persons who are horribly uncongenial to me, but at whom I could not help gazing with extreme eagerness. When such people see that I am looking at them and are vain at thus commanding



CLOISTER OF THE TRÉGUIER CHURCH

tunately, every time it turns round, the chain unwinds a little and so the circle becomes wider. At times, too, it turns either by accident or by necessity in the

attention I cannot take my eyes off them; they excite me and are a veritable attraction—two opposite electricities which hold each other forcibly. I am wild to examine



CHURCH OF SAINT SULPICE

them, to penetrate them in every sense.

I have noticed that whenever I hear a man for the first time, when I enter into the first intellectual intercourse with him, personally or by reading, I like him and am enthusiastic about him. After that I draw back. It is because, as I know only certain of his traits, I take him as a type, just as God made a woman of a rib (admirable Hebrew turn). I idealize him and I like him. Then when I have had further experience I find a number of things in him which do not fit in with the ideal I had obligingly made, through my incomplete knowledge when I was not limited by facts. But the fact comes and takes the bloom off my man and I no longer like him. I observed that in a striking manner for Jules Simon and for several of my Germans whom I had thus taken as types with the most incredible generosity, rapidity and force. No matter—*vive le ideal!* M. Philarète Chasles is one of the professors I like best, doubtless because I have only heard him once. . . .

We are always inclined to look for something substantial and real in all our impressions. Thus, for instance, the emotion felt in certain places. I have always felt that when I have been in places cele-

brated by great memories I have experienced a sort of insatiable craving, a something unsatisfied. That came from the fact that I wanted to grasp, really and substantially, the impression that I felt I ought to feel. I had said to myself that in that place one must feel a certain emotion, and I then tried to touch it as I might a plant of that part of the world. It is the same thing with synchronism, about which I am also very curious. I am always wondering what is going on at the same moment at Tréguier, at Saint Malo, at Saint Sulpice, at the Sorbonne, at the Academy, etc. But with this tendency to substantialize everything, I torment myself with wanting to be in touch with all this. It is the same thing with the everyday events. We say to ourselves: On such a day such a thing took place, and that makes an impression. Why is this? Is it convention? For, in itself, what does it matter whether it should be the three hundred and sixtieth or three hundred and sixty-fifth day? all the more so as, according to the occurrences, it does not correspond. For instance, ordination day. Now the ordination day of one friend does not answer astronomically to that of the other friend. We are seeking for the real in all that; those who want nothing but the real should not care about this. There is nothing in

it but the psychological. The same too when we say to ourselves: "I have been, or am, in some given place: I have left some molecules in Paris, in Oceania, in Poland, and taken some from those places." That is more to us than if it were in Brittany; but for a Pole there would be the same prestige to have left some molecules in Brittany.

Cold realists jeer at enthusiastic dreamers and treat them as being affected. Enthusiasts jeer at the realists and consider them as grocers, prosaic creatures. The question is, who is in the right? The one who is true, who is a man, and a complete man, the enthusiast who is not affected. Do not let him try to prove by mathematical figures to the other that he is not. Let him be what he is, that will be seen quite well, and let him leave monkeys to the whip.

I do not know why exterior facts and incidents, the events that happen, without being a pure psychological development, shock me, in a novel or drama. I should like to have the simple development of passion depicted by exterior facts. Thus, in Molière's plays, I admire all that is character: I do not like the incidents that confuse the series of psychological facts; such, for instance, in "Tartuffe," as the incidents that complicate Orgon's situation so strongly. This is still worse in the "Malade Imaginaire." The feigned death of Argan is, in my opinion, detestable, besides the fact that that ending is full of improbable things like that of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." When these incidents are brought in by chance or casually I blame them distinctly, and I do not like them, even when they are not the author's loopholes for getting out of a difficulty. In "Hamlet," for instance, at the end, that exchange of swords is quite casual, quite optional. Johnson would have preferred poison, but it is all the same. Then, too, the poisoning of the Queen, etc., and *alia in omnibus tragædiis*. I should like to institute a dramatic system where there should be nothing optional and casual but the setting forth of the characters and their primordial relationship with each other, and that after this all should

be developed by their inner conduct without the intervention of casual motives. "Athalie" is almost satisfactory to me on this ground. (Compare Aristotle, "Poetry," ch. xiv., p. 6-7. His idea is, I fancy, the same that I expressed just now. The manner in which it is said is remarkable.)

I notice an essential difference between the drawing of Molière's characters and that of the more modern poets, Collin d'Harleville, for instance. Take the optimist and pessimist of both of them: Molière makes them act almost without thinking of it. He does not place them on the easel to paint them. He does not say, "Here are my types." The other does say this and paints them with deliberate design, after giving it out beforehand. One feels the more reflex art, which composes with a view to criticism.

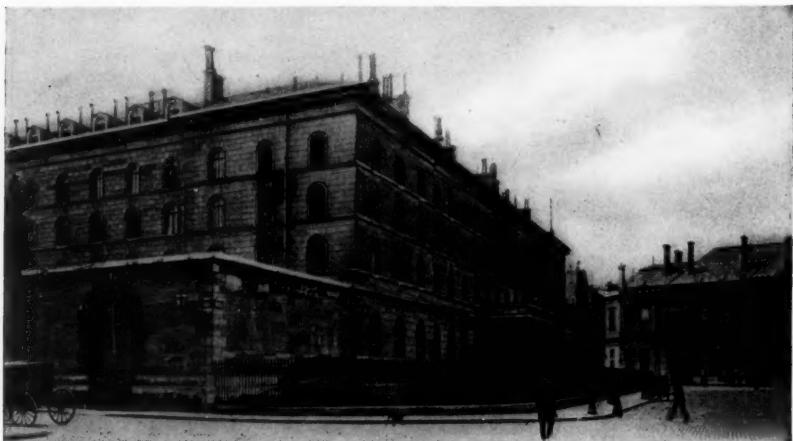
There would be a curious psychological study to make on Lord Byron, much more curious than on J.-J. Rousseau. Experimentation is never more easy than when it can be made on what is deficient, in order to see what this deficiency produces. For instance, the brain taken away from an animal for the sake of seeing what that did. It is the experimentation of the functions of the organ that is taken away. Well, this could be done on Byron. For he was a monster, a prodigy, but something was wanting in him: the moral sense, Jesus Christ.

Humanity moves onward like an army. Great men are the advance scouts; the bulk of the army follows, more or less near. This is why great men are not usually known in their century; they are ahead. The laggards behind are not known either . . . for the opposite reason.

There are two ages in every religion—the epoch of its birth, when it is a speculative and practical idea taking possession of mankind. It has no symbol at that time and it has no limits. Enthusiasm then decreases; the idea loses its original and native force and the necessity is felt of making it a hedge; symbols are built up which are merely limits, defining it everywhere and ending in ridiculous positivism. Ours is the age of symbols. Compare the Gospel, for instance, with the symbol of St. Athanasius or with the canons

of the Council of Trent. What harm Christianity has done itself by defining itself thus in a scholastic mould! People have gone beyond this mould and these symbols, but when it comes to primi-

absolute contrasts: the one had been educated for the priesthood, the other was essentially a scientist. They had one bond in common—they were both sincere searchers after truth. Renan



SAINTE SULPICE SEMINARY—CLOSED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, IN JANUARY, 1907

tive Christianity, the Christianity of Jesus Christ, of the Gospel, who would not go down on his knees before that!

Nothing escapes Renan. He finds something interesting in all his observations, and everything is worthy of study. "The enormous variety in mankind strikes me"—he writes—"Homer, a knight, a modern poet, Augustus, a nun, Jesus Christ, Voltaire, a rag-picker, a peasant, a *talapoin*, Saint-Theresa, a banker, a *bourgeois*, a politician, Job, Mahomet, I myself."

He tells us that in his new life a recompense had been reserved for him, which he considered made up fully for the three years and a half spent in the Pension Crouzet. Among the students was a young man eighteen years of age, destined to become one of the greatest of French savants and one of the most illustrious chemists of modern times. From the first day they met, Ernest Renan and Marcellin Berthelot were drawn to each other by an intuitive sympathy. In many things they were

tells us that they put together in the same caldron all that they could each collect and that, although there was great diversity in what they each contributed, the simmering of the caldron was maintained by both of them. Berthelot taught Renan much that he could never have learned in his Seminary, and Renan undertook to teach Berthelot Hebrew and theology. The latter bought a Hebrew Bible, but Renan tells us that he did not cut many of the leaves, as the laboratory proved a formidable rival. The two young men had a remarkable similarity of intellectual organization, and although the subjects that each preferred were essentially different, their manner of endeavoring to get at the truth of things was the same. They became keenly interested in each other's work, and after long arguments it often seemed to them that what they both agreed upon must be certain. Renan says that their "friendship was something like two eyes looking at the same object, with the result that, after examining two pictures, the same perception of

each reached the brain." It is curious to hear M. Berthelot's description of his first meeting with Renan:

It was in the year 1845 [he says] in a little pension for students of the Henri Quatre College. On leaving my bedroom on the top floor of the house, I saw, coming out of the next room, a serious, reserved-looking young man, rather like a young priest. He had a large round head, was clean-shaven, and had a frank, modest expression in his bluish eyes. We each observed the other for the next few days, and before long we were united by the closest affection. We were both inveterate workers, anxious to get exact knowledge and curious about philosophical questions, with our minds open to the four winds of heaven, although we were each pursuing very different directions: Renan, historical and philosophical erudition, and I, mathematical and experimental sciences. We each helped to complete the education of the other.

To those who know little of Renan but his name, the titles of his works, and the fact that he gave up the priesthood and left the Roman Catholic Church, many of his writings would be a surprise. It was not the teaching of the Gospel to which he objected, but the dogmas invented in later years. In 1845, he wrote a letter to the Abbé Cognat in which he explains his attitude just before his final decision. "Is orthodoxy critical?" he asks. "Ah, if I had been born a Protestant in Germany! My place was there. Herder was a bishop and certainly he was only a Christian, but in Catholicism one must be orthodox."

A few months later he writes again to the Abbé Cognat, and this time from the Pension Crouzet. He is undecided about his future career. Some lectures have been promised him, but he declares that ordinary teaching would be very objectionable to him.

Renan tells the Abbé Cognat about his interviews with his former *directeurs*. M. Dupanloup had told him that he was now outside the Church and that he must abstain from all

sacraments. He also advised him not to practise the exterior forms of religion. M. Gratry of Saint Sulpice, on the other hand, told him that he must consider himself as having been tempted. Renan tells the Abbé that, in the meantime, he continued confessing himself to M. Le Hir, as this did him good and was some consolation to him. In another letter, a year later, to the Abbé Cognat Renan says: "In order to have influence one must hoist a flag and be dogmatical. So much the better for those who like this, but for my part I prefer hugging my own idea and not lying."

It must be remembered that when Renan wrote these lines he was only twenty-three years of age. Those who reproach him with his change of belief will find an answer in his own words in this same letter:

One ought, as much as possible, to hold oneself ready to tack about when the wind of belief changes. And how many times does it change during life? That depends on the length of the life. To be tied firmly is not the best means to this end. We respect truth more when we hold ourselves in such a position as to be able to say to it: "Take me whither you will: I am ready." A priest cannot easily say this. He has to move on saying: "I will always see as I have seen in the past, and I will never see differently." How is one to live at all, if one must say that?

The letters written at this period, the "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" and the "Avenir de la Science," give us an excellent picture of Renan before the days of his world-wide celebrity. The "Cahiers de Jeunesse" complete this period. The stray thoughts and observations on so many varied subjects give us an idea of the vast possibilities that lay before the young man, with so great a mind and such quiet strength of character. It is interesting to watch the evolution of his mind, to see him "tacking about" (his own expression) and to trace the working out of many of those early thoughts and ideas in his later life.



Designed by V. D. Brenner

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN AMERICA

II

MEDALS: THEIR INFLUENCE ON COINAGE AND THE POPULAR TASTE

By CHARLES DE KAY



N offshoot and derivative from coins under the Roman emperors, the medal has had to suffer as a work of art from the tendency to regard it as a record, that is to say, a thing of use rather than a thing of beauty. Useful, yes, indeed! medals have been useful

in many ways; but it remained for the Italians of the fifteenth century to add that touch of grace which makes some medals the most exquisite and delightful little works of the sculptor's art.

Of late years, chiefly in France and Austria, the medallic has begun to reclaim that position among the arts which it first won at the time of the Renaissance, and the taste has crossed

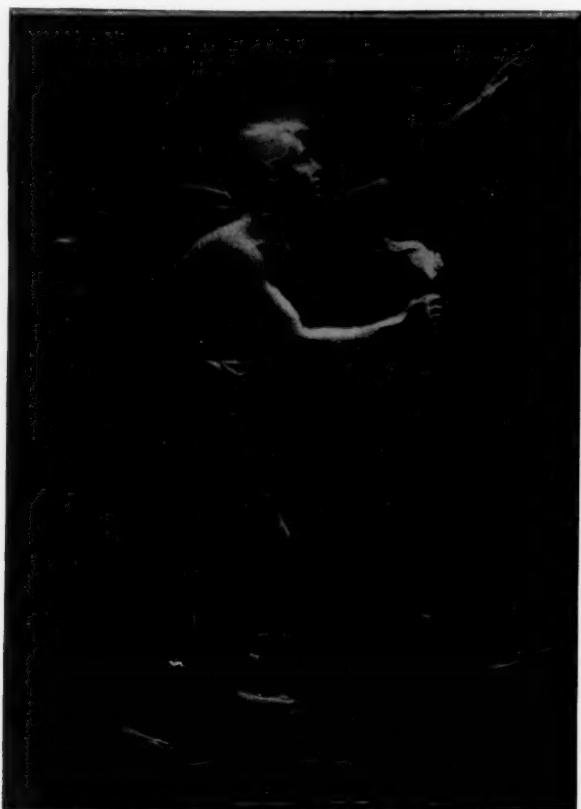


Designed by Augustus St. Gaudens

WASHINGTON (PRESIDENTIAL) CENTENNIAL MEDAL

the Atlantic and found a foothold in the United States. It is still a small band of amateurs who encourage the passion, and not all of these can

because it is hardly advisable, as some do, to insist on their separation, in view of the fact that the coins of Rome suggested the first medals, the



Designed by V. D. Brenner

MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

shake off the collector's tendency to value an object for its rarity or historical worth more than for its intrinsic beauty; but no one can indulge long in the passion without making comparisons between one medal and another, one coin and the next, and gradually separating in his mind those which please the æsthetic side of him from those which merely excite his interest for other reasons.

I speak of coins as well as medals

latter being only somewhat larger as a rule and lacking the letters S.C. (senatus consulto) which designate the official money an obedient public was expected to accept at a certain rate. In cold truth these coins might be under weight. They might be silver outside and lead within, carrying on their brave exteriors the signs of health and wealth, yet being all the while little apples of Sodom, little whitened sepulchres of finance. The medals, on the other hand,

though the public may often have accepted them like coins at their weight in the money-changer's balances, put forth no pretensions save

Liberty with the heavy jowl, features without modelling, head sans cranium under the clumsy cap, which infests our silver dimes and quarters, and



Designed by V. D. Brenner

SOUVENIR MEDAL, NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

as souvenirs of an emperor's largess and pride. Moreover, medals have had no little influence on coinage by establishing standards as to the artistic, and notably so on the coinage of France under the Bourbons, during the first and third Empires and the present Republic.

We may safely reason that neglect of medallic study in the United States is responsible for the flat and tasteless appearance of our own coinage, for that sexless head of

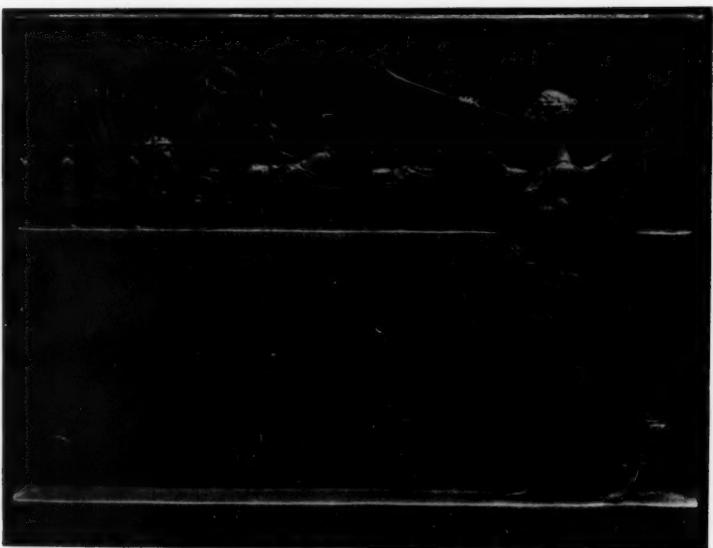
that other smug little damsel, wearing an Indian's feather diadem labelled "Liberty," who smirks at us from the copper cent. Our gold coins are scarcely better.

And yet these standards of value pass through every hand, rich and poor, old and young, citizens and immigrants, negroes taxed and advised not to vote as well as Indians untaxed and debarred the ballot. Here is a vehicle of unconscious education for the masses which we



Designed by V. D. Brenner

PAUL JONES MEDAL—OBVERSE



Designed by V. D. Brenner

PAUL JONES MEDAL—REVERSE



Designed by Louis St. Gaudens
FRANKLIN MEDAL—OBVERSE



Designed by Louis St. Gaudens
FRANKLIN MEDAL—REVERSE



Designed by J. S. Hartley
GEORGE INNESS MEDAL—OBVERSE



Designed by J. S. Hartley
GEORGE INNESS MEDAL—REVERSE



Designed by Emil Fuchs
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA—OBVERSE



Designed by Emil Fuchs
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA—REVERSE

neglect, because with a few honorable exceptions we pay no attention to medallic art.

It is time, as President Roosevelt reminds us, to reform our coinage and put some virility and grace into these humble counters of wealth.]

Though we have many sculptors,

plane and curve of the large model on the small scale the medal itself may demand. But he must have the habit of seeing things on the medallic scale; he must have the practice of subtle planes. And perhaps it is necessary for the best results that he should be a painter also.



Designed by V. D. Brenner

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL, NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

few have been encouraged to devote themselves to the numismatic branch. Occasionally Augustus Saint Gaudens, or Herbert Adams, Daniel French or Bela Pratt has been asked to make a medal. It is not easy for a man engaged in monumental work to change off to modelling in very low relief and meet the other requirements that a medal forces upon him. True it is that the reduction-machine of modern times permits him to work upon a broader field while engaged on the design, for that machine will faithfully register every

[Medallic art stands midway between painting and sculpture in high relief or the round. There are certain painters, generally those lacking sympathy with the fulness and richness of colors, who would have produced greater results had they turned to medallic work. But there was too little demand. The medallist should have a feeling for painting, should have practised it before launching on his career. It will tend to prevent that hard, "tight" modelling which is so stiff and uncomfortable in the majority of medals designed by



Designed by Daniel C. French

THE DEWEY MEDAL



Designed by J. E. Roiné

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

men who are sculptors only. David d'Angers might have become a remarkable painter; of that we can be sure merely by looking at his medals, and the painter David was well prepared to be a medallist. Houdon, Canova, Thorvaldsen, not to mention sculptors nearer our time, lacked the gift, whatever height they may have reached with their sculptures in the round or their high reliefs. Roty has the quality and so had Chaplin. On the other hand Barye, though he painted remarkable animals, seems to have failed to practise the metallic branch of sculpture sufficiently to become a master in it. Going back to Clodion, however, he had the makings of a medallist of the very first rank; he was a very talented man, a true genius, and stood high in the long line of sculptors which begins with the ivory and wood carvers of the twelfth century in France, continues with the able decorators evolved along with the romantic architecture, afterwards called Gothic, and ends with sculptors like Rodin and Meunier, Roty and Roiné to-day.

[Almost the only American who has made an earnest and thorough study of metallic art is Victor Brenner of New York, a Russian who was born in one of the German provinces of Russia near the Baltic and learned from his father the trade of engraver. After passing his examination in the guild of his own town he moved at sixteen to Riga where he appeared, in the old fashion, before the Board of Trade of that picturesque city and was duly accredited as an engraver fit to pursue that vocation. Having practised his craft for three years Mr. Brenner came to New York when he was nineteen and attracted the notice of the late Samuel P. Avery, the late James Drummond and others interested in numismatics, who gave him commissions and helped to spread the demand for his work. His studies as medallist have been made in New York and Paris where his masters have been Roty and Paul du Bois the painter-sculptor. In 1897 he had so far fixed his position as medallist that

the San Domingan government gave him an order for its coinage.

Mr. Brenner is a member of the Sculpture Society, the National Arts Club and the Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York, which has recently seen good reason to drop from its title the word "Archaeological" and confine its appellation to the branch of coins and medals. Along with this limitation in name of the Numismatic, representing concentration on a very ample special field of labor and research, goes a change in location. Mr. Archer M. Huntington, who is now President, has presented the Society with a site, and foundations have been laid for a Numismatic Museum near Boulevard Lafayette at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, where the valuable possessions of the Society, now temporarily in the Hispanic Society's fine new home, will have ample space and light.

[The problem before the modern designer of coins is different from that which confronts the medallist. Once the same demands were made by coins and medals, but that was when coins were struck in comparatively small quantities. They were not stacked one on the other in endless rows, nor were they passed from hand to hand so swiftly as to wear them down. Therefore we find old Greek and Roman coins modelled in rather high relief, which allows for artistic effects extremely difficult to equal on surfaces that must approach as closely as possible to a level. It is said that a further reason for "casting a coin round a hole" is to distinguish it by the sense of touch from another coin about the same size, a silver coin, while the holed piece is of nickel.

The practical Chinese long ago solved several requirements in coins. Thus they often if not always have a raised broad border about their coins, so that the characters and objects on the coins lie within, and these borders allow considerable relief to the design without the lat-

ter rising above the level. Thus the coins can be piled one on the other with stability. Moreover they solve the matter of transporting coins practically and safely by piercing them, so that the coins, whether square, hexagonal or round, can be spitted on wooden or iron rods or strung on ropes like so many beads. Only recently has one European country, Belgium, taken a leaf from the immense book of China and minted coins with holes in the middle.

A characteristic trait of a coin, at least in modern times where trade is active and all classes and conditions handle the pieces, is the ease with which it slips through the fingers when one is counting. Speaking of the new English mintage of Charles II in 1663, the redoubtable Samuel Pepys remarks: "But it is deadly inconvenient for telling, it is so thick and the edges are made to turn up." On the other hand the Oriental coins, such as one sees on the head-dresses and necklaces of women in Egypt, North Africa and Syria, are so thin that they are difficult to count. There is a happy medium as to size and a happy norm for coins to make them easy to handle.

The requisite of a nearly flat surface or very low relief is not the only one: there must be some conspicuous object or "type" which tells the story of the country, by means, for instance, of the head of a god or ruler, and an accepted symbol such as an eagle or lion, a liberty cap or emblem. Then the inscriptions are expected to be much more detailed and explicit than the ancients required. The half-dollar has above the aforesaid brainless woman's head the words "In God We Trust"—a legend which is said to bring tears of emotion to the eyes of Filipinos who have been taught to believe that we trust only in dollars; and around the circle on the other face run the words "United States of America," in sublime disregard of Mexico, a confederation of States in

North America, and of Brazil, another confederation in South America. These inscriptions, together with those setting forth the value of the piece, must find a pretty conspicuous place on coins. Fashion rather than any practical convenience wills that they shall be sections of a sphere, though squares or hexagons would pack better in boxes. Within the two circles, then, obverse and reverse, the designer must marshall all these types, symbols, emblems and legends, without allowing the spaces to look cluttered or bare. Such are some of the difficulties before the man who proposes to design coins for this country which will take the place of the present counters.

[Last year the Numismatic Society appointed a committee to study the matter of new designs for our coinage, but no public competition open to the artists of the United States has been announced, perhaps because public competitions are seldom successful in uncovering hidden genius. Another way is to select from six to a dozen artists who have shown ability in numismatic or medallic art and let them compete. But this demands the giving of substantial prizes and would be a burden on the society's exchequer. President Roosevelt, however, has expressed a wish for better coins and it lies with the President whether the reform shall be started.

Mr. Brenner has made so many commemorative medals that a few only can be figured in this article. The other medallist of note is a Frenchman by birth and education who passed fifteen years in the United States, returned to France, and has come back to cast in his lot with us for good. This is Mr. Roiné, a native of Nantes in the heart of Brittany. He has made far more medals in France than in America, his main work in this country having been large decorative sculpture for interiors. His medals for baptisms and weddings vie in charm with those by Roty and other modern French

medallists, though his medals commemorating individuals are not considered by amateurs as forceful and characteristic as those by the German medallists Marschal and Scharf. Last December the National Sculpture Society elected him a member. Among his recent portraits is a plaque in memory of Algernon Sydney Sullivan, lawyer, an amateur of the medallic art, formerly very active in the Numismatic Society.

Among the persons who have devoted much time and zeal to numismatics in New York are Messrs. Daniel Parish, Drowne, Oettinger, Belden, George F. Kunz of the Tiffany Company, J. Wyman Drummond, Andrew C. Zabriskie, formerly President of the Numismatic Society, Archer M. Huntington, and the Duc de Loubat.

Among the sculptors who have made a medal from time to time are Augustus Saint Gaudens, whose Washington, a large bronze medal cast in sand, may be recalled; and Daniel C. French, who designed the Dewey medal which was distributed to all officers and enlisted men who took part in the battle of Manila Harbor, and the President's Medal for the Architectural League of New York, five inches in diameter, which is used as a prize at the annual Exhibition. Herbert Adams made last year the medal presented at the same exhibition by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. It goes to architects who show praiseworthy designs at the League. So far, the medal has been taken by Carrère & Hastings and McKim, Mead & White. Other occasional medallists are Martini, Weinmann and Raser in New York, Graffy in Philadelphia, and Bela Pratt in Boston.

Medals have been a guide to the historian during ages of which only these records are available because they have survived owing to their small size, portability, indestructibility and their evident greater value as medals than the crude metal of which they are composed. The collection and study of coins and medals lends life

to the study of history and in the case especially of certain Italian medals to that of art. We are apt to associate a numismatist with the Dryasdusts, but that mistake may be made with regard to any collectors. Coins and medals are particularly human documents setting forth the ideals and aspirations of nations and the aims and personal traits of individuals. Familiar examples are the coins and medals of the Roman emperors and the Popes, but perhaps the more interesting categories are the tokens and medals struck by men of less exalted state to express the endless passions of the human soul—affection and esteem, anger and disdain, love and lust, political and religious devotion and rage. What a curious light is thrown on popular faiths by the medals issued from obscure localities once the scenes of pilgrimage as thronged as modern Lourdes! Bizot wrote a Medallic History of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, filling two volumes with the abundant crop of medals issued to commemorate the births, marriages and deaths of princes, the founding of societies, victories by land and sea, disasters and great public rejoicings over hard-won peace. The Duc de Loubat has compiled a majestic Medallic History of the United States and proved that even so young and struggling a nation as ours, so indifferent to the arts and sluggish to appreciate the value of medals, has a past which can be illuminated by a record of such things.

It is strange that a country in which education engages so much thought and ability as does ours should fail to perceive the value of medals as a means of instruction and lay so little stress on them. They do not teach history alone, but when designed by the proper hands they teach art. It is true that coins go to all the people, but medals would affect wide circles and those especially which are best prepared by liberal education to be affected by them. They survive to teach us the personality of eminent men and women, as well as of the

artists who designed them, when contemporary portraits have gone the way of canvas and paper, when costly bronzes have been melted for the copper they contain and marble statues have found their way into the limekiln. The taste for numismatics in certain men has preserved for us precious records of the past. The fashion that once obtained, of letting silver and gold coins and medals into the sides and bottom of silver cups has prevented the loss of rare pieces, for these "medal-cups" were favorite gifts among connoisseurs in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and some of them have been taken over from private into public collections. At a somewhat later date it became the mode to inlay pieces of furniture for library and drawing-room, like writing desk and what-not, with medallions either old or imitated from the old. Sometimes, but more rarely, an amateur would have his own and his family's portraits modelled, cast in bronze and set into a piece of furniture.

Medal is a comparatively recent word derived from the Italian *medaglia*, which must have come from some late Latin or mediæval word like *metallum*. Neither the word nor the work of art was known as such long before 1450 in Europe, while the taste did not reach England until the reign of Henry VIII. Coin, of course, a word of French descent, is much older. It signifies the stamping of a piece of money, not the casting, and so from the action of making came the word for the place where pieces were struck and finally the general term for the pieces themselves. "Mint," on the other hand, comes from the Dutch and harks back to the same Latin root as money. Where we use "coin" and "to coin" the Germans use *Münze* and *münzen*; though we also retain their old verb in "to mint."

Medal has got so far away from its origin in metal that it does not necessarily present a metallic object to the mind. All the ordinary metals have been used for medals and coins;

besides gold, silver and bronze—rarely copper—we have tin, lead, iron, nickel and aluminum. Iron coinage existed at Byzantium in the time of Aristophanes for he alludes to it in his "Clouds" and the Lacedæmonians are said to have had that coinage too. Although most iron coins have disappeared through rust, some belonging to cities of Greece have survived. The Lacedæmonians were respected by the rest of the Greek world for their staying qualities in war, but not overmuch for their brains. So Polykrates hired them as mercenaries and paid them leaden coins skilfully covered with a skin of gold. Perdikkas II. of Macedonia fooled his mercenaries by giving them copper coins plated with silver. Carthaginians as well as Lacedæmonians issued leather coins stamped with a designation of value, these, however, were coins only in shape, since they had not even the value of iron and have to be placed in an entirely different category, that of "shin-plasters," banknotes and other circulating and guaranteed promises-to-pay. Perhaps there is here a venerable and indeed classic prototype of the "leather medal" beloved by jokers.

Medals as portraits and to commemorate events in the family, the city and the nation, to serve as awards for merit in clubs, societies, and organizations, and to commemorate such signal points in history as the laying of the Atlantic cable, the discovery of the North Pole, the first exchange of playful remarks with the denizens of Mars or the year in which President Roosevelt stopped to take a rest—medals thus produced will introduce into families an understanding of and liking for sculpture of minim size. The value of such portable small sculpture is not easily overrated; it leads to the larger plaque in high or low relief and to the thousand and one sculptured objects which add so much atmosphere to a room furnished in the common way with pictures only. They are very sympathetic with

pictures, while larger statuary in the round, more particularly white marble statuary, is by no means the happiest

combination for painting. Medals form a stepping-stone to some of the most refined pleasures in the world.

IN MEMORY

MADAME BLANC, NÉE MARIE-THÉRÈSE DE SOLMS, CHEVALIER DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR
(Died 5 February, 1907)

IN lovely Meudon there are tears,—
In Meudon, past the convent pale,
Where calmly lapsed her mortal years,
Whose spirit burned through walls too frail.

A Light withdrawn! My spirit hears
The voice of mourning keen and sore!
In lovely Meudon there are tears
For a great heart that beats no more.

That heart! It never failed its peers—
It failed not to the least of all!
In lovely Meudon there are tears,—
The tribute tears of great and small.

And I—O, still, within my ears,
Her gracious words and accents dwell:
In her own Meudon there are tears,—
Beyond the sea are tears, as well!

EDITH M. THOMAS

HENRY JAMES—"IN HIS OWN COUNTRY"

By H. G. DWIGHT

I



HE biographer of Henry James will doubtless find one of his most telling chapters in that return to America, after an absence of twenty years, of which the echoes have scarce yet died away. Latest among them, and not least suggestive, is the admirable Bibliography of Mr. Le Roy Phillips.* Commemorating

* A Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James. By Le Roy Phillips. 250 copies. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

as it does the interest roused by Mr. James's visit, it puts into the hands of readers for the first time a guide to their author's complete work.

In general, however, the echoes in question were of no such sonority as has sometimes been recorded in the annals of creative art. There was neither firing of cannon nor ringing of bells on the late summer day of 1904 when a certain passenger stepped from his steamer at New York. Youths did not unharness his horses and drag him triumphally between gala brown-stone fronts.

Virgins did not bestrew the asphalt with roses, nor herald his progress with welcoming hymns. Nor did burghers of the diamond stud and the flowing redingote advance, with top-hat in one hand and gold box in the other, to offer him, in accents Hibernian or Teutonic, the freedom of the city of his birth. On the contrary, there was little in the event to bring it to the eye of the man in the street. Indeed, large numbers of the best-informed citizens might be discovered to have remained pacifically oblivious to any unusual occurrence in their midst; or, when apprised of the facts, might even confess themselves unmoved by the revelation. And if there were paragraphs in newspapers and sober appreciative dinners—to say nothing of fluttering feminine receptions not a few—there was also, on the part of those excluded from such functions as on that of the young gentlemen detailed to report the same, more persiflage than praise.

The event, nevertheless, for those whom it happened to concern—and they constituted, after all, quite an army—was sufficiently telling. The protagonist, for his part, signalized it by some of his most characteristic work. "The Golden Bowl," the latest and in many ways the most striking of his novels, was completed in this country and was published during its author's sojourn in our tents. He also delivered in several cities a lecture on "The Lesson of Balzac," which had for many the more immediate interest of the lesson of James. And direcer results of his American experiences were contained in the address on "The Question of our Speech," before the graduating class of Bryn Mawr and in the various "Impressions" of *Harper's* and the *North American Review*.

But what marked the event even more conspicuously was the manner in which these productions, and the author of them, were received by a long-unvisited public. Rarely indeed has any single occasion in the life of a literary man—save that of his

death—availed to call forth such a flood of remark as the return of Henry James. The generation which had grown up without him seized with one accord so inviting an opportunity to vent its opinion,—which proved to be almost as notable for unanimity as for volume. The event was therefore telling, if only because so much comment could be expended upon a person whose cryptic utterances and incomprehensible exile so little deserved the precious boon of publicity. And if there were who found in that exile something to remind them of Byron and Shelley and Browning, or whom the cryptic utterances happened to strike as being of a high order of significance, the event was for them only the more telling—as throwing into singular relief the position which a novelist at the height of his powers, after forty years of serious artistic work and after winning the highest recognition in other lands, may sometimes hold in the hearts of his countrymen.

This somewhat anomalous situation is not without an interest of its own for those who happen to be curious in literary matters. There is for them a certain interest in following the most desultory currents of criticism. And in this instance the current is so strong, and the occasion of it so much more salient than most incidents of the literary stream, that the spectator finds more to reward his observation than is often his fortune. In fact the matter really constitutes what Mr. James himself would call a "case." "A man too great to be ignored, he is yet too ignored to be great, for his appeal is, and ever must be, to what Stevenson calls 'a parlor audience.'" That snapshot of popular criticism (by Claude Bragdon, in the *Critic* for February, 1904) is but the mildest of statements. For the event of which we speak served to precipitate a feeling which has long been gathering in solution, and which if negative in its actual critical residue was positive enough in its emphasis.

There have not lacked signs, in the

process of years, that the generation did not take its Henry James quite as it took others of its spokesmen. It would be hard, for instance, to conceive that a chance illness of Mr. James in his native land could have called forth such demonstrations of popular sympathy as were evoked a few years ago by the illness, at a New York hotel, of Mr. Kipling. To what a degree, however, our own countryman seems to possess the power of arousing our combative instincts might not be apparent to those who had not taken the trouble to follow the matter. The present scribe, for his part, makes no claim to acquaintance with the entire body of utterance called forth by the event in question. It was only after the general tone of such remark as he encountered began to attract his attention that it occurred to him, as much for his own amusement as for a study in contemporary taste, to keep watch of such comment as might chance his way. And being by no means an omnivorous reader of the periodical press, he gathered his impressions from a limited range of publications, chiefly of New York.

Yet it is something to say that among a considerable number of reviews formal and informal, and of those letters from readers which are so interesting to a student of manners, the scribe happened to encounter only four notices which were completely favorable to the subject of this paper. These were an essay by Elisabeth Luther Cary in *Scribner's* (October, 1904), an "Appreciation" by Joseph Conrad in the *North American Review* (January, 1905), and two letters from readers—one of them indeed wrote again—in a Saturday supplement of the *New York Times* (April 22, 1905). If one added to this list an admirably impersonal interview by Witter Bynner in the *Critic* (February, 1905), one should perhaps subtract from it Miss Cary's essay. For, besides intimating an inability to swallow "*The Sacred Fount*," she confessed to a fear that Mr. James's later style might threaten

his future! It is only fair to add, however, that this sympathetic paper has since been expanded to a volume ("The Novels of Henry James" G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905), which furthermore contains an approximately complete bibliography of our author.

On the other side the list reached proportions far more imposing. It included, to be sure, a body of readers who had been faithful to Mr. James until the days—say—of "*What Maisie Knew*" (1897), but who since then have found themselves plunged into constantly deeper bewilderment. The larger number, however, seemed to be of the reigning generation, whose aloofness ranged from solemn perplexity to open ridicule. Their utterances, as was natural, were for the most part called forth by those of Mr. James himself. Although his approach and arrival had been duly reported by the literary scouts, it was not until the appearance of the "*The Golden Bowl*" (October, 1904) that the game really began. Then readers all over the country filled the papers with denunciation of this book—its undermining of the public morals ("decadence" was the favorite word), its general darkness and unintelligibility. Indeed, it quite enjoyed a *succès de scandale*, and performed for its author the unwonted feat of going into two or three editions in as many months. "No other writer," said Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper in *The Bookman* (December, 1904), "has ever so far presumed upon the fact that the public will accept many revolting things if they are not put into plain words. Mr. James's books are a sort of verbal hide-and-seek. He never gives us any tangible facts, but always an endless chain of suggested improprieties. '*The Golden Bowl*' is, superficially, a shimmering mist of verbal cleverness, but the plot, if it has any meaning at all, is a tissue of hideous, nameless complications. And yet, instead of charging Mr. James with impropriety, you catch yourself wondering whether, as a matter of fact, he can possibly

have meant anything half so unsavory as he suggests; whether in short you ought not to be very much ashamed of yourself for letting your imagination take such license." Yet that even doctors will disagree was proven by another of our younger critics, Mr. Henry W. Boynton, who wrote in the Saturday supplement of the *Times* (November 26, 1904): "It is patent that the boundaries of Mr. James's audience were fixed long ago. Certainly nothing could be less likely to extend them than a book like this. It quite lacks, indeed, a property which has undoubtedly done something toward attracting a grosser audience for some of his other books. 'The Golden Bowl' makes no delicate overtures to prurient; its most dubious passages suggest nothing more than the most ordinary improprieties." And we may add what he goes on to say, for its more general application: "In other ways it seems to me to present Mr. James at his worst, as its predecessor, 'The Better Sort,' presented him at his best. . . . In 'The Golden Bowl' we find, standing for subtlety, a kind of restless finicking inquisitiveness, a flutter of aimless conjecture, such as might fall to a village spinster in a 'department store.' . . . The situation, in fact, could only exist in that land of dubiety which Mr. James himself has peopled. The dwellers in that land are clever enough, intricate enough, psychological enough; they merely lack common sense."

By the time "The Lesson of Balzac" began to be heard, so much had already been said that the lecture called forth comment less formal and less voluble. Its sentences, however, and those—generally of the fair sex—who flocked to hear them, afforded the newspapers an excellent opportunity to make merry at Mr. James's expense. But in order to avoid repetition, and because we shall use later on a certain familiar signature, we must content ourselves with a notice of the small book which afterwards contained this address and the one delivered

at Bryn Mawr. The latter, it may be said in passing, aroused more remark than perhaps any other of Mr. James's public utterances. Even the "Impressions" (*North American Review*, April, 1905, *et seq.*) did not stir up so much heat. If their alleged lack of patriotism was resented, their manner permitted the reviewer to dip his pen into that lightsome satire so copiously manufactured in this country. But in the question of our speech it was possible to divine the speaker's meaning, and it did not appear to be of a nature to undermine the morals of the young. On the contrary, it was visibly aimed at the uplifting of the young. The young, however, in our land above all others, are a powerfully organized body, and they, thanks to an age of reason and of discipline by love, are by no means accustomed to admonition so pointed. Accordingly the intimation that their use and pronunciation of words occasionally left something to be desired was met by the decisive retort that, if anything were to be said on the subject, Mr. Henry James, of Rye, Sussex, England, was hardly the man to say it. There was, in general, an airy superiority to the dangers apprehended by that gentleman, of which the following, from the literary columns of the *New York Sun* (October 21, 1905), is not an unfair example:

"While Mr. Howells was enjoying himself in London, Mr. James was having nearly as good a time in the country of his birth. He was cooing to female audiences in the subdued tones that mark British good breeding and kindly pointing out to them the horrors of the language they spoke. Two of his lectures, 'The Question of our Speech' and 'The Lesson of Balzac,' are published in a thin volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. We can picture to ourselves the high glee with which Mr. James tangled himself up in his own sentences to mystify the Bryn Mawr girls. He is good enough to call it 'our speech,' but it is really the

language of Mr. James in its most mischievous and perplexing confusion. We wonder that he never heard the faults of utterance he dislikes in the land where he resides. His eulogy of Balzac deserves far more attention; it is a pity that the great French novelist could not have been set forth in clearer and less affected English, such as Mr. James at one time was not ashamed to write."

The point of view of commentators of this order was rather strikingly set before the present writer in a conversation for whose veracity he can give only his own word. It occurred in a private place, and the second party to it probably had no idea that any use could be made of his remarks. One may at least say, however, that he belonged to the staff of a New York paper which devotes particular attention to literary matters. And that part of his discourse which has pertinence for us relates to an interview he had had with Mr. James. Having formed the project of making a "feature" of this gentleman for a Sunday edition, the reporter had introduced himself to the novelist under a social guise and then had thrown off the mask. Mr. James, it appeared, objected to this not-unheard-of manoeuvre, saying that he was more used to life in England, where a gentleman's privacy was not intruded upon. The interviewer, according to his own account, then proceeded to "talk to" Mr. James "like a Dutch uncle," plainly informing him that such an attitude was un-American; that in this country people wanted to know the jockey on the racer, the man behind the gun (I speak by the card), and that if they were so obliging as to buy and read your books it was only fair to humor their harmless inquisitiveness; that, moreover, it helped along your own affairs—to put it crudely, it advertised you. After which account of the lesson he had administered to the celebrated novelist, the interviewer confessed himself incapable of reading the celebrated novels,

or to understand why they should be so highly considered in the capital of our speech—as he was informed on the most credible authority (that, namely, of a popular "lady novelist" just back from the other side) they were. And, to be candid, I quite believed him. There was nothing in his conversation to betray that he had ever read a word of the books whose author he had intended to honor. The only reason, he explained, why Mr. James should be made a "feature" of at all, was that he undoubtedly afforded subjects of conversation to the "ultra-intellectual" and to women. The novelist was, in fact, a woman's writer; no man was able to read him.

It is sufficiently notorious, of course, that these views are of no especial rarity. But since we are interested not so much in proving as in recording, let us, before going on to another part of our paper, quote from two critics who expressed in more permanent form opinions not altogether dissimilar to the preceding. In the case of the first of these the name of the writer is of less moment than, for instance, his address. He comes from Brookyn, and as that progressive borough is rather in the way of being a larger and more unlicked Boston, such a letter as the following is of special significance. It speaks—and with what clearness we shall see—for a considerable element among those of our citizens who, without specific leisure or enlightenment, go to make up, in their earnest appreciation of the printed word, the body of the reading public. The writer says (in the Saturday supplement of the *Times*, March 18, 1905):

"During the past five years it has been one of my duties to cater for a reading club of about 100 members. All of the novels of Henry James have been given to the club with other current publications, and I find by reference to the charge book that not more than three of the hundred ever take out one of the James novels. Popularity may be a crude

test of genius; nevertheless it is a test that has been applied with pretty uniform results to all great reputations in fiction. Poets and reformers sometimes write for posterity and, like Milton, content themselves with a 'fit audience, though few.' But the novelist who does not reach a large audience in his own day and generation will not have a large place in the history of literature, and it is no contradiction or exception to this natural law of literature that a very small novel frequently gains a very large audience and presently sinks into the oblivion of the commonplace.

"It is suggested, however, that Henry James writes neither for fame nor for money; that with a high-minded and spacious renunciation he flings to the winds his opportunity to achieve greatness in the vulgar sense, in order to devote his genius to the development of certain principles of esoteric literary expression, a kind of twentieth-century Della Cruscan preciosity, that to the properly refined literary exquisite is—the real thing. Some such matter as this seems to underlie the reiterated declaration of Mr. Howells that Henry James is the greatest writer of English in modern times, though one is inclined to suspect that—with his constitutional tendency to humor—Mr. Howells is imposing upon the credulity and critical ignorance of his readers. But here again the test of popularity is fatal, for every really great work in English literature has proved its greatness through intelligible English expression. A piece of literature that requires a special preparation of the intellect to read it is not likely to achieve greatness or have greatness thrust upon it by the writer's friends.

"So the problem of James's greatness remains a problem, for there certainly is a kind of vague conviction, or current literary superstition, that James is indeed great. It is perhaps a case not so much of the eccentricity of genius as one of the obliquity of genius, and—when one has spent a few hours with some of

his favorite characters, one might call it the moral obliquity of genius. George Eliot once said that the test of greatness is a writer's 'contribution to the spiritual wealth of mankind.' Suppose we were to apply this test to the works of Henry James?"

The interrogation point with which this letter ends is perhaps the characteristic note of the entire discussion. While readers expressed in general the most varied degrees of bewilderment, exasperation, or ridicule, their most frequent point of agreement was that of uncertainty as to what, after all, to make of Mr. James. One critic, however, and the most seasoned of them all, proposed to himself to answer the elusive question. And more than one eager commentator went so far as to call Mr. Brownell's essay in the *Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1905) the definitive essay on Henry James. There is something to be said of definitive essays, in a world where even such a question as that of perpetual motion occasionally proves itself unclosed! This particular definitive essay, at all events, dealt at far greater length, far more analytically, and offered more indications of acquaintance with the works it criticised, than any other notice, sympathetic or otherwise, which the present writer happened to see. For this reason, and because Mr. Brownell made articulate the vague impressions of a multitude, one would like to quote him more fully. But when we have said that, after appreciating Mr. James's possession of great powers, his sincerity of motive, and his incorruptibility of purpose, he went on to make reservations which left the paper a negative effect, we can allow ourselves space for only one or two of its more general statements. Of Mr. James's method Mr. Brownell said:

"He has reversed the relation between his observation and his imagination, and, instead of using the former to supply material for the lat-

ter, he has enlisted the latter very expressly—oh! sometimes, indeed, he has worked it very hard—in the service of his observation. Of what he might have achieved by pursuing a different course, I cannot myself think without regret." And in that frequently mooted matter of Mr. James's style:—"He has, however, chosen to be an original writer in a way that precludes him, as a writer, from being a great one. Just as his theory of art prevents his more important fiction from being a rounded and synthetic view of life seen from a certain centralizing point of view, and makes of it an essay at conveying the sense and illusion of life by following, instead of focussing, its phenomena, so his theory of style prevents him from creating a texture of expression with any independent interest of its own. The interest of his expression consists solely in its correspondence to the character of what it endeavors to express. . . . There are readers who find the clue, it is not to be doubted, and follow it in all its serpentine wanderings, though they seem to do so in virtue of a special sense—the sense, it might be called, of understandingly savoring Mr. Henry James. But its possessors are marked people in every one's acquaintance; and it need not be said that they are exceptionally clever people. There are others, the mysteriously inclined, and therefore perhaps more numerous, who divine the significance that is hidden from the wise and prudent. But to the majority of intelligent and cultivated readers, whose appreciation constitutes fame, the great mass of his later writings is of a difficulty to conquer which requires an amount of effort disproportionate to the sense of assured reward."

It is, of course, too easy, by that unconscious process of selection which goes on in the mind of one who has become interested in a given subject, to ignore such relations of that subject as do not happen to serve his immediate purpose. But in the present instance there is probably no

need of proving the divided nature of the allegiance—to speak in euphemistic terms—inspired by Mr. James. And we have already pointed out that in transcribing the above more or less representative opinions we were recording, as a matter of critical curiosity, the case of a novelist well known in the world, who returned in the fulness of his days to his own people and found them neither willing to acclaim him nor able to ignore him. If a future generation should reverse the verdict of our own, the case would take on an added curiosity.

And yet, for persons like the present scribe, there is not quite an end of the matter. While not of those who find it natural to introduce monotheism into the literary world, with a single supreme figure and descending hierarchies of genius, he has come to regard Henry James as one of the few speakers of the day worth listening to. The spectacle of a talent so high and yet—in certain quarters—so far from recognition, is therefore extremely curious to him. And, while wondering whether there may not be others after his own mind—there are at least Mr. Conrad, Miss Cary, and two gentlemen who write to the *New York Times*!—it is natural for such a person to account to himself for the reasons which, in this particular case, make it possible for a prophet to be not without honor save in his own country and in his own house. Color for which impulse, if the mere instinct of fair play were not enough to justify it, might be found in Mr. Brownell's classification of those who are able to read Mr. James. Embarrassing as may be one's personal dilemma—of being either "mysteriously inclined" and "able to divine the significance that is hidden from the wise and prudent," or a "marked" person, not "exceptionally clever," endowed with the "special sense" of "understandingly savoring Mr. Henry James"—one may venture to hope that some account of one's symptoms will have at least a psychopathic interest.

(To be continued)

THE COUNTESS OF PICPUS*

A ROMANCE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

IV

CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD REVEALS HIMSELF



NORMOUSLY refreshed by his slumbers, Captain Brazenhead awoke feeling the need of a draught, and roared until he got it. He arose as a giant renewed with wine, dipped his head in cold water and combed his hair back with his fingers, gave a flick to his moustachios, put on his boots, sword-belt, and sword, and was ready for what he had to do.

His cloak upon his arm, his steel bonnet on his head, he descended the stair and enquired for Madame Cornichon. She was landlady of The Stag, stout and well-favored; she received him with smiles, for his account had been liberally discharged by the lavish Pym.

"Madame," said he—and his French was extremely polished—"I must beg the favor of a short but intimate conversation with you."

"As short, sir, as you please," said Madame Cornichon, "and as intimate as I please. On those terms your favor is granted. Be seated, sir." Captain Brazenhead set a chair for the lady, handed her to it, seated himself, and laid his hand lightly upon his heart.

After an effective pause, "Madame," he said, "I am not what I appear."

"Nobody is," said Madame Cornichon, who had had a great deal of experience.

"And nobody less so than I," said the Captain, undismayed. "For reasons of family, for reasons of politics, I appear to you as a warring Englishman. You expect me to join a company, to start for Orleans—and I surprise you by not going. Be not deceived, Madame. I am not an Englishman, though the English are my friends. My master, however, is the Duke of Burgundy, and my mission is done. I am about to depart for my lands."

"For your lands, sir!" cried the lady. "God bless me, have you lands?"

"Madame, a many, fair and wide—in the east, Madame. Reasons, as I say, of family and statecraft urge me to conceal my degree; but reasons of heart, Madame, not to be denied, insist upon full and open confession. Madame, I am the Count of Picpus."

Nobody could have been more interested than Madame Cornichon in this dramatic avowal. Nobody could have been more touched by its frankness and evident sincerity. The revelation was sudden; but there's no doubt that the name of Picpus had struck the Captain's fancy.

"You have in your service, Madame," he pursued, "a young person of taking appearance and considerable charm of manner. I admit that she has pleased me. I consider that she would look well in the chambers of my Castle of Picpus. It is not often that I am deceived in anybody; I am somewhat notorious for my rapidity of judgment. I say that this young person has attracted my at-

tention, and I ask you whether the matter cannot be arranged between us according to the bent of my humor. I have here, Madame,"—and he relieved his doublet of its gigantic burden,—“I have here wherewith to offer you any equivalent in reason for the inconvenience my wayward fancies may put you to.” He untied the sack: “Madame, how much shall we say for the cancelling of the hiring agreement of Nicole la Grace?” He had a handful of rose nobles weighing in his hand; and Madame Cornichon, whatever suspicion she may have had before, had nothing now but enthusiasm for her distinguished guest.

“Monsieur le Comte,” said she, “as I am a very honest woman, although I keep an inn, I shall take the liberty of informing you that one of those pieces would pay the wages of Nicole for five years, and that half of one would more than pay her value for life in my eyes.”

Captain Brazenhead replied somewhat stiffly: “Your humor, Madame, does not jump with mine. I set no bounds to the value of the damsel. But we noblemen are not to be denied. I could not, upon my honor, assess the value of the young person at less than this sack of nobles, but I must not gainsay you. You are mistress here, and your word is law. Allow me to offer you”—whereupon he gently pressed a couple of his fine coins into her hand. “At nightfall I set out for my lands,” he said, “and will take the young person with me. If it would not be troubling you excessively, I should be obliged if you would inform her of her changed fortunes. Madame, I salute you—the Count of Picpus, who fears nothing but dishonor, salutes you.” Captain Brazenhead kissed the hand of Madame Cornichon and bowed himself out. In so doing he left behind him the most astounded landlady in the distracted realm of France.

Leaving Captain Brazenhead for the moment to look after himself, as I think I may, there is no doubt

that his proposals, as translated by Madame Cornichon, with regard to Nicole made a great stir in the kitchen of The Stag. When Madame Cornichon, aproned and bare-armed to the elbows, came in to prepare the eleven o’clock ordinary, and found her bevy of maids, cooks, and scullions eating their dinner, her first act was to go to Nicole and take her by the chin.

“Madame de Picpus,” said she, “I congratulate you with all my heart.” Then she kissed the girl, to the astonishment of the table, and added, “Monsieur le Comte has been generous—lavish, indeed. You are a fortunate girl and a joy to your parents—and I lose a treasure! But I have never stood in a girl’s way yet and never will.”

The maids nudged each other, the varlets bolted their food or choked withia their cups of horn; but Nicole crimsoned to the roots of her hair. Madame Cornichon, happy in the bolt she had let fall in her little domestic pool, watching, as it were, the ever widening rings it made, smiled benevolently upon the glowing maid and patted her cheek. “Yes, my children,” she said, “we have indeed entertained an angel unadvised—but in such a city as Bordeaux, and in such an inn as The Stag, all kinds of company is to be expected—quality as well as *canaille*. I do but state the fact, however. This child, whom I hired six months come Pentecost in the fair of Beauagency for a hundred sols a year and a new stuff gown at Lady Day, leaves us this night as Countess of Picpus, and rides to her lands with the Count her husband. My lamb,” and she caressed Nicole, “this board is not for the likes of you any more. Go and clean yourself and come into the counting-house. No doubt his excellency the Count will inform you of his intentions.” Nicole, without a word to say, rose from the table and retired. Madame Cornichon sent for a flagon of Leoville and gave the toast of the Count and Countess of Picpus. All the maids of The Stag

received firm proposals in the course of the afternoon.

But it was Captain Brazenhead's turn to be astonished when, upon returning from his affairs, he learned from Madame Cornichon of the interpretation she had put upon his declaration. For one moment his resource failed him—for that pulsing moment when Madame Cornichon said slyly, "Curb your impatience, monseigneur. The bride arrays herself."

He bayed upon her—his fine form bent itself at the hips, as a boy's for leap-frog; but his head, stiffening, refused to bend. His eyes, terribly fixed upon the lady, were like speckled opals, to each a black point; his mouth was open, his tongue flapped heavily like the tail of a fish out of water. "Plaît-il?"—he made a great effort.

"Madame de Picpus va venir," said Madame Cornichon; and the Captain said, "Ha!" and swallowed hard. Then, raising himself to his natural height, he folded his arms and uttered the sublime words, "It is well; you have done well, Madame."

This heroism braced him; he was able to converse on indifferent topics with Madame Cornichon; he was able to compose his mind. When, in due course, the fair Nicole came timidly into the room, arrayed in her gown of contract, the new stuff gown which she had received at Lady Day, and a variety of silver ornaments in her hair, he was able to salute her as a Duchess; to kiss the tips of her fingers, hand her to a chair, and turn his mind to the arrangements proper to be made for a future Countess of Picpus. These necessitated another visit to the town, another leave-taking, which was duly performed.

If it would be hard to account for Captain Brazenhead's prevarication—to use no harsher term—during his first interview with Madame Cornichon, so momentous to himself, it would be still harder to explain his behavior in the light of the second. Perhaps a desire to excel, very creditable to any man, may have been

his monitor; perhaps a prevision of the course of events, perhaps a feeling that not otherwise than by rigorous lying could he carry off at one and the same time his personal dignity and a kitchen-maid from The Stag who had caught his fancy and inflamed his passions. To do the Captain justice, I propose a compromise. A man is, in a sense, what he desires to be: if Captain Brazenhead therefore aspired to a County in Savoy, in imagination, in all that ennobles a man and sets him above the brutes, he was indeed a Count. The title, Count of Picpus, so trippingly did it come, had captivated him from the first moment he heard it; no dream of his hot midnight youth could have flattered him with a fairer future than such a degree. Count of Picpus! Oh, it should go hard with him if such were not his style within the year. And he had a plan: he saw his way: he did but advance by a few mad months the astounding, the overwhelming, the reeling fact. And then came the thought of Nicole, that charming girl, so bashful and yet so circumspect. Here I think we may put a finger upon the point where magnanimity became a source of weakness, and imagination, like an over-fertilized plant, wasted in profusion of leafage what might have produced fruit-bearing flowers. His intentions towards Nicole were up to this point vague if generous. His Castle of Picpus! She would look well there. He saw her already there, trundling a mop, a carnation between her teeth—charming, charming Nicole. Better this by far than the life of religion to which he had so nearly resigned her. So far and no farther had his fancy carried her when he opened his mind to Madame Cornichon.

But Madame Cornichon was made of different fibre, or you may be sure she had never thriven at The Stag. Imagination with her was strictly limited to the scope of the cash-box. She had as little zest for long scores as for long-bows. To her mind this bristling, ardent Count of Picpus,

with his sacks full of minted money and tales of Dukes and lordships, was a romantic figure just so far as his sacks and his duchies would take him; otherwise he was plainly a fool. In nothing was he so plainly a fool as in his proposals towards Nicole and his extravagant payment for the forfeiture of her hiring. What the exact nature of those proposals might be she did not enquire or care, but it suited her humor to give them an ironic magnificence. It gratified her to go into her own kitchen and pluck out a little nobody by the hand and announce her to her gaping mates as a Countess of Picpus. It gratified her also to impart to her astounded guest the droll turn she had given to his arrangements. This sort of thing tickled Madame Cornichon in more quarters than one. She indulged her contempt for the lower orders, and was able to put a man who gave himself airs into a ridiculous position—his proper place, in fact.

But she had reckoned without her Captain, or rather she had reckoned with only half of him. And if she made that half of him ridiculous which she understood, that other half of him which she could never understand made her in turn ridiculous. For that other half of him took her seriously—and was in five minutes as complacent as could be over the new aspect of affairs.

Countess of Picpus! Thus in a flash the Captain's heart tutored his head.—Oh, shy, recondite, and humble beauty! Oh, peering hedge flower! What a Countess of Picpus had he won! There is no man of heart and head who does not picture with a beating pulse the day when he may lift such an one out of the dust, and say, Behold, my dove, my fair one, what a crown for thy quiet brows is provided by the largesse of my love! I say that this was a noble aspiration of Captain Brazenhead's, which only lacked performance to make all earnest lovers ashamed to put their professions beside it; and I say also that it is hard to reproach a soldier

with his lack of a title of honor before the very existence of that dignity has been for twenty-four hours within his knowledge. Certainly Captain Brazenhead would have laid the Picpus circlet at the feet of Nicole had he had it. As he had it not, the next best thing which he could do, he did—I mean, when he hailed her by the name which he now entirely intended her to bear.

A tailor, with three apprentices, from the Rue Saint Remy, was occupied with the person of the new Madame de Picpus from noon until five; a riding dress of crimson velvet of Genoa figured with pomegranates and coronets was the result—and a charming result. A peaked head-dress, with a silk veil about the turned-back brim, for the dust and heat of travel, added dignity to charm; scarlet riding-boots of soft leather, gauntlets of chamois skin—but so much for the outward necessities of a lady of condition; and of the others, invisible but very proper, be sure that the rose nobles of the Bishop of Agde did not spare them. At a quarter before six Captain Brazenhead entered the counting-house of Madame Cornichon, and, jewelled cap in hand, bowed before his bride. In a stately manner, forgetful neither of the emotions of a lover nor of the dignity of rank, he knelt to kiss her hand. Madame Cornichon was by this time in tears. She was herself a personable woman, a widow of but a few months' standing; it is possible therefore that her tears were not of pure happiness; it is possible that envy was the drop of venom which gave them a sting. Here was a splendid man on his knees to a slip of a girl—and for God knew what reason, since there was nothing in her. However that may be, she was a good soul, and vowed their excellencies should have cause to remember their last hour at The Stag of Bordeaux. Excusing herself, she hastened to the kitchen, and soon, while Captain Brazenhead was kissing Madame de Picpus, a fine capon

was turning on the spit, and two scullions basting it with lard.

The Captain did not conceal his extreme satisfaction with the turn of events. With Madame de Picpus on his knee he explained to her how fortunate was the hour in which he had first seen her trundling her mop. "But for thee, my heart's heart, I had been trailing through the swamps of Guienne in the hire of a Bishop of Agde; but for thee, I had been at the mercy of a man with but one serviceable eye; but for thee, there had been no County of Picpus, no treasury, without which titles of honor are but an itch. In fine, my sovereign, from thy lap have I picked up all my worldly store, and it shall go hard with me but I return it sevenfold into thy bosom."

Nicole thanked him becomingly. "Sir," said she, "I will engage to be an obedient wife to your lordship. I am but a poor girl——"

"Zounds!" cried the Captain, "not at all. You are a very lovely person, and need but a thing or two, which you shall presently have, to be the Countess in fact which you are already in expectation."

"And what things do I need, sir?" asked Nicole. The Captain stretched out his hand and took a flower from a glass. "To my eye," said he, "you need a flower in your mouth. Not that your lips are not already a flower, but that the obstacle may provoke me."

Laughingly she took the stalk between her teeth. "We cannot live on kisses, sir," she said.

"We can try, however," said the Captain, and tried.

I think that Captain Brazenhead, suffering from a defect which is common to all great men, had underrated his charming companion. Because she was pretty he thought she was a toy, because she was scared he thought she was unformed, because she was kind, he thought that he should have the forming of her. The reality was to be made plain to him.

"What are you going to do with me now, sir?" asked Nicole, when

the Captain had demonstrated his point about kisses. It will now be seen that she was a girl of some force of character, for when he had replied gayly that he was about to make her his Countess, she asked him if he was a Count. Now, nobody had ever asked him that before, and for a moment it sobered him.

"By the Face, and I am not, my dear, and that's a fact," said he. Nicole pondered this avowal with hanging head. She did not move from her seat upon his knee, but she plucked the carnation to pieces while she thought.

"Then how am I a Countess?" was the upshot of her meditations. The Captain stroked his moustachios.

"In this way, as I take it, my dear. I am a man of decision and speed, as you have found out—hey?"

"Yes, sir," said Nicole, "so much I have found out."

"Counts are as plenty," he continued, "as herrings in the blue water—and where I go there are Counties to be had."

"And where do you go, sir?"

"I go to my—to Picpus."

"Oh, sir, that is far!"

"It is in Dauphiné, I believe," said the Captain, "or thereabouts. I know the road."

"And in Picpus—you will be Count of Picpus?"

"Not at all, my dear," said Captain Brazenhead. "In Picpus I shall secure the Lady Sanchia des Baux, whom one Picpus stole as a guileless infant, and shall restore her to her inheritance. By that means I earn her undying gratitude, and the pardon of her kinsman the Bishop of Agde for a temporary inconvenience I may have caused him. In the very act of so doing I possess myself of the Seigniory of Picpus; for the robber and assassin who now holds it, you must understand, is gone to Rome to seek a divorce from his wife, the Lady Blanchmains. Therefore——"

"Therefore," said Nicole, "one of two things must occur. Either you marry the Lady Sanchia instead

of her present possessor—in which case I am not Countess of Picpus or you slay the Count of Picpus on his return to his castle—in which case you are hanged."

"Pest!" said the Captain, "all this is very possible."

"I have a better proposal to make," said Nicole, "which is that you do not go to Picpus at all, but leave the Lady Sanchia where she is, and the Count of Picpus in Rome."

"And where do you propose to go, my love?" said he.

"I propose to go to Les Baux, which is nearer, and has more amenity. I don't love mountain countries. I am not used to them, and they give me the spleen."

"Les Baux," said the Captain, "is good, and a fair inheritance. But it is in ruin, and all the inhabitants put to the sword by the false Picpus."

"So much the better," replied Nicole. "You and I will repeople it," and she blushed faintly.

"I see my way so far," said the Captain; "I certainly see my way. But the Count—the false Picpus, as you have well called him—"

"You tell me that he is unknown in Provence?"

"Save in name, and by a reputation which is both redoubtless and deplorable, I believe he is."

"Then you have answered your own objections," said Nicole. "He remains the false Picpus, and you the true Picpus. Am I clear?"

"Clear as the sky of Provence, clear as the Rhone flood. But the Lady Sanchia—"

"I am your Lady Sanchia," said Nicole and kissed Captain Brazenhead. You need not ask with what rapture she was pressed to his bosom, nor whether her kisses were returned. He swore by the Nine Worthies of Christendom that no Count of Picpus his ancestor had ever won a more dainty bride. He blessed Balthasar, King of Armenia and Cologne, that from his loins had sprung so notable a Des Baux—last, loveliest, and most subtle of her race. He reminded her of the war-cry of her family, in case

she should have forgotten it. "*Au hasard, Balthasar!*" he cried, and waved his sword over their heads;—and he swore by Saints Dominus, Tecum, and Nobis-Peccatoribus that not one hour should elapse before he was heading for the violated domain of his injured, innocent, ravished lady.

Considerably more than an hour did elapse, however; for there was a supper with Madame Cornichon, which was gay, and a ceremony to follow it, which was protracted. Indeed, the sun was dimpling Garonne with points and cressets of light when the horses were brought out and Madame de Picpus lifted gallantly to the saddle by her spouse. Even then a chance word from Madame Cornichon in the midst of her farewell reminded Captain Brazenhead that a duty remained undone.

"*Au bonheur, Monsieur et dame,*" cried the good woman for the fifteenth time, "but it vexes me that you should leave without a lacquey." Then Captain Brazenhead struck his thigh.

"I have one, by Cock, and had forgotten him. Go one of you and fetch me my rascal." And he named the shelf where Simon Muschamp would be found.

And so he was, and there is no need to ask whether he swore to be a loyal servitor to M. and Madame de Picpus. If thirteen hours' vigil, trussed on a shelf, do not inspire a man with a devoted attachment to his master—to say nothing of a drubbing, robbery of a sack of rose nobles, robbery of a mistress,—then where, we may ask with Captain Brazenhead, where in this world may an honest servant be found? Simon Muschamp's own ideas on this and other subjects will be learned very slowly. I will only warn the reader that he, too, had a soul of his own, which is probably the case with every man born of woman, though the romancers, historians, and politicians of the world, for reasons best known to themselves, are apt to overlook it.

V

THE CITY ACCURSED

IN after years Captain Brazenhead could never hear the name Raymond, be told that the day was the 16th of May, or be reminded of the city of Toulouse without an affection of the muscles of the face painful to witness. A series of twitchings, like those incessant flickering sheets of light which the Italians call Saint Elmo's fire, played upon him without mercy. He looked like a palsied man. His lips shot open and showed his teeth chattering together; his eyelids glimmered over eyes all white; his ears seemed endowed with a life of their own, and his moustachios bristled of themselves. The reason of this malady, fortunately transient, has now to be related. In the city of Toulouse, on the 16th of May, 1428, under the governance of Sieur Raymond de Breteuil, chief consul of the place, Captain Brazenhead suffered defeat, deprivation of goods, wounding of his members, and rigorous confinement to gaol. Let these things be related in order.

If we are to consider as defects in Captain Brazenhead's character that he too readily believed persons to be what he wished them to be, and too readily supposed circumstances to be remediable by exertion, our judgment upon him will be as lenient, for these are noble defects. His was that generous nature which gives as lightly as it takes; it made him an ardent friend as well as a gallant enemy; it caused him to forgive as readily as to pursue; and while his head was exceedingly fertile in shifts and delighted altogether in plots against the law, human and divine, it was not within his force to refrain his heart from exulting in their remarkable subtlety nor from inviting approbation of them from those whose fitness to approve was sometimes peculiar.

Some of these qualities of the Captain's have already been exhibited. It may be said that he had been

precipitate in his alliance with the fair Nicole, peremptory in his dealings with Simon Muschamp; that he had been predatory, indeed. He had possessed himself of a heart to which Simon had had a claim, of treasure which Simon had secured for himself, of a County of Picpus; lastly, he had laid hands upon the person of Simon, had drubbed it, trussed it, put it on a shelf. Pass all these things: to the victor the spoils—he would have been the first to admit it. But then his nobility—that greatness of soul which must needs be generous with what it has not, sooner than ungenerous—entered into a plot against him. He was reproached by Madame Cornichon—or felt it a reproach—that he was a Count who took a lady into his lands, not as his Countess. He could not bear that; he made her his Countess. He was made next to feel very keenly the perilous tenure of the coronet which Nicole had been asked to wear, and agreed—too readily, perhaps—to the remedy which she proposed. In other words, to ensure her a County which he did not possess he agreed to her assumption of a name to which she had no claim. Had this been all it had been enough; but there was more. Madame Cornichon had regretted the absence of a servant. Could a Count bear that his lady should so travel—through France, unattended? He felt that keenly; it stung. Remembering Simon Muschamp, with whom he might well have been content to cry quits, remembering him greatly, he forgave him, and set him up as a servant. He did unwisely; he started a new score on the slate—which he had to pay.

Following the course of the Garonne towards its fountain-head, all went well with Captain Brazenhead until he left English territory at Maimande and entered the distracted soil of France. Here, as he told Nicole, it was necessary to go tenderfoot, to avoid cities, to lie close by day, to work in the dark. Nicole agreed to these reasonable precautions very

cheerfully; she was a charming companion, full of resource, complaisant, and not easily daunted. Partly upon her advice, partly because, it will be remembered, he admired the name, he used his title of Count of Picpus whenever it was absolutely necessary to declare himself. It may have helped him here and there, or it may not; it certainly gave him a great deal of pleasure, and he may have indulged a pardonable vanity in respect to it more than was prudent. Simon Muschamp, the Loyal Servitor, as he was pleased to call himself, used it on every occasion. There was no inn at which they baited, no smithy, no toll-gate, no ferry, no monastery in which they spent the night, and no tavern in which the Captain delighted to tell his tales, where full warning had not been given beforehand of his Excellency's wealth, prowess, rank, and ancestry. The consequence of this was that the fame of Monsieur de Picpus went before and spread about him, and that when he arrived in any village the inhabitants stood to receive him with their caps held out. In these he did not fail to drop coins of silver. He endowed marriageable maidens, he gave honest youths their indentures. In or near Montauban it is said that he touched for the evil, but I think this must be an exaggeration, although it is certainly a fact that a member of the house of Picpus had once been anti-pope for a week. Another consequence was that Simon was pretty soon able to leave the renown of M. de Picpus to take care of itself—and another that the sack of rose nobles became less and less inconvenient to carry.

Nevertheless, all went passably well until, in an evil hour, Captain Brazenhead fell in with Nicole's whim and consented to diverge from his safer road—which had been across the water-shed from Villemar into the valley of the Tarn—in order that she might make her offering at the famous shrine of Saint Sernin in the city of Toulouse. He should have known better—and he did. The men

of Languedoc were his detestation and derision at once. He considered that they talked too much and too loud; he considered them vainglorious and liars; and he could not deny that they were as handy with the sword, or nearly so, as they said they were. Toulouse again was perilously near Perpignan, where Pym should be awaiting him and his treasure—Pym of the drooping eyelid with the Bishop of Agde on his mind. All this the Captain urged upon his Nicole's attention, but so delicately that it is just possible she missed his apprehensions. He did not say, "My life, let us avoid Toulouse as we should the devil. If I am known in Toulouse I may be taken: if you are known there you may be put to the Bridewell or whatsoever plague of name they give that sort of place in this country." This he did not say, but instead, taking her rosy face between his hands, smiling upon her in that easy way a man well-fed is wont to take—"Why, chuck," said he, "hast thou a thanksgiving to make on my account? Hath Heaven been so kind? Hast thou a man at thy feet who can deny thee nothing, and must thou needs boast of that to Our Lady? Store it up, child, in thy pretty head until we reach the good town of Albi. There is a rare church there. I know, for once when I served Burgundy I helped to sack it—and this cicatrice, look you—" he bared his right arm and there deep in forested hair showed the white scar—"came from a dint with his crozier which the Abbot of Saint Symphorien gave me. In Albi minster shalt thou give God thanks for stout Salomon thy lord, pretty sweeting—but not in Toulouse, as thou lovest him." Nicole pouted and withdrew her face from his hands. The Loyal Servitor intruded.

"Your pardon, sir," he said, "if I make bold to speak."

"It is granted, Simon."

"Then, sir, I say that Madame is right, and your Excellency in error."

"How so, by the Face?"

"Thus, sir. In Albi you are nearer

to your mark, but farther from your power of hitting it. From Toulouse—if you retire to reach it—you can spring farther."

The Captain said, "I take you; I am obliged to you—enough said," which was his invariable habit when something was put to him which he did not understand. He had no more objection to offer, and Nicole once more put her face between his hands. They rode into Toulouse by nightfall the next day. That was the 15th of May.

The offering which Nicole designed for Saint Sernin's shrine was a handsome candle of ten pounds' weight. It was very necessary that it should be carried for her to the church, and indeed, as Simon pointed out, that some warning should be given to the Canons of the Church of the approaching bounty. Space would be required for such a candle; the shrine might be locked, the guardian away. Now, for a lady of the condition of Madame de Picpus to present herself with a ten-pound candle and be kept waiting was not to be thought of. What did his Excellency advise? His Excellency, who was sleepy, and had been too early roused, was short about the candle.

"Waiting? Will they keep thy mistress waiting? There will be ears to slit if they do, the southern swine! Go you, Simon, and tell Messieurs les Chanoines that Madame de Picpus is inclined to salute Monsieur Saint Sernin, who, if he is the gentleman I take him for, will be too much honored by the compliment. Go you, in the devil's name, and leave me to my repose."

"I will go, sir," said Simon—and went. At a later hour Monsieur de Picpus accompanied Madame to the Church of Saint Sernin, which—with the Golden Violet of Poets—is the chief glory of the city of Toulouse. I must be more exact. He accompanied Nicole to the door of the church, but excused himself from further attendance.

He had always had churches in suspicion, chiefly because for fighting

purposes they cramp a man—with their doors which lead to other doors, and their cloisters where you may chase about like a rat in a cage and never get nearer your man—or farther from him, as your case may urgently need. Outside he would admire with all the world, and there was no better judge than he of the scope of a great nave, the buttressing of chapels, the poise of a cupola, or the right proportions of flanking towers. Inside he would not go if he could help it. "They talk Latin in there; they talk to themselves. It may be mischief they are devising—who knows? Once I was carried to church, and they put salt on my tongue, and scared me damably, as I hear by report. Other times I have been—and once more I purpose to go; but then I shall be carried thither, and in a manner careless what tongue they choose for their conversations." He was very stout upon this matter, and the fair Nicole, whose hope it certainly was to get him to church before long, had to give way. He held aside the curtain for her and bowed her in, and that done he walked up and down the square, expanding his chest and spreading his cloak to the early morning sun. There was much business doing there: the market was at its height, and the chattering as shrill as that of pies in a pear-tree. Captain Brazenhead admired and was admired. The fine eyes he made, the fine figure he was—his crimson cloak, his gold ornaments, his long sword, and his thigh-boots! If he caused hearts to flutter and eyes to fall there's no wonder, for his affability was extraordinary, and Tolosan beauty is famous all the world over. But his eye was very much upon the young men, whose fine bearing pleased him while he disapproved of their clamoring. "With some of these striplings I could do very well," he considered. "They would look well in the Picpus livery, the Picpus bannerole fluttering from their spears. A forced march, a series of them, a night surprise, the barbican snatched—the Sene-

schal on his knees with the key on a cushion. I see it all. And these dark-skinned young heroes for my feudatories, crying, 'A Picpus! A Picpus!'—the thought warms me. I must make a levy: it was good that I came hither, it seems. Bless the pious thought of Nicole my Countess that is to be!"

These and other imaginations occupied him very pleasantly for an hour and a half. He carried them with him to the tavern of The Burning Bush, where they lost nothing by the application of strong waters to their fire. It was towards the hour of noon when he went again to the church and sat himself upon the steps of the parvise, to wait for Nicole, and to continue his meditations. It is certain also and not surprising, that he slept; for his nights had been broken of late, and he had much need of repose.

When he awoke it was as nearly as possible three o'clock, an hour when nobody in Toulouse with a door to his house is outside that door. Captain Brazenhead sat up with a jerk of the head, snorted, sneezed twice, and was awake. The position of the sun warned him that much time had been consumed, the state of his feelings that no food had been. Where the mischief was Madame de Picpus? Where the Loyal Servitor, one of whose first duties surely was to see that his master was filled? Before him, as he wandered, the Place Saint Sernin stretched out, a vast and arid plain of white pavement quivering with radiant heat; behind him towered up the figured side of the church, silent, shrouded, immense, tenanted only in its topmost flight by pigeons. The mystery of all this emptiness, the irresponsiveness of the mountainous masonry, the shade in which he had slept so long struck a chill upon him. He shivered, a premonition came to him stealthily like the wind of an approaching storm. Upon his feet the next moment, he tried the doors; they were locked. He strode the length and breadth, the returning length of the

church; all doors were locked. He was puzzled—he was uneasy—he was extremely hungry. Was it possible that Madame de Picpus had returned to the inn? was it possible, O Heaven, that—? Before he had achieved the terrible thought that possessed him he stopped, fell a-trembling, stooped, and picked up something from the pavement. It was a flower: a clove carnation with a bitten stalk. Here, then, was the message of disaster—the one piteous cry for help which Nicole had been able to voice. This indeed smote him like a stroke of the sun through the shoulder-blades. He had no doubts now: he was ashy pale when he looked up. "Now," he said, "I know the worst. My glory has faded, the chill grows. It is the hour of sunset." He made the sign of the Cross as he invoked the Saints of his innermost reverence. "Cosmas and Damian, you physicians of the soul, Martin of Tours, thou princely giver, Salomon my namesake, and you, ye Eleven Thousand Virgins, my countrywomen and my patterns as well, aid me in this hour and watch over me well. It is the hour of sunset, say you? Amen, says Brazenhead, but this sun shall go down in blood." He threw about him his cloak of imperial dye, put his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and strode over the Place Saint Sernin.

Tall houses stood about, fronting the church, silent all and shuttered against the sun. A narrow arched entry, cut out of two such, was the road he elected to go. It led into a cave of dark and gloomy aspect, a lane between high, black, and unfeatured walls, whose rare windows were barred with iron and doors studded with the same. It bore the unhappy designation of the Rue des Yeux Crevés; but it led him directly to his inn, and he did not notice its name. Roland at the closing in of the Dolorous Pass could not have been more indifferent than he to presages of evil. Was not evil already there?

A man in a peaked cap stepped out of a doorway, a sworded man in

a black cloak, a man of sinister aspect, with a bristling beard, hooked nose, and pair of high, arched eyebrows, one higher than the other.

"Give you a fair afternoon, sir," said he, with what Brazenhead felt to be ironic intention. He took it up as it was meant.

"It is a very foul afternoon," said he shortly, "and you shall give me nothing." The man stopped, drawing back his head and presenting a shoulder.

"Do you bandy words, swordsman? Are you for a play?"

"By Cock, and I bandy what you please," says the Captain. "I have heavy thoughts, and a heavy hand at a play."

Then his man came towards him, peaking his head like a running bird. "You are uncivil, sir, look you," says he, "and that may not be with a gentleman of Toulouse."

Captain Brazenhead threw open his cloak. "I have yet to learn that I am," he said.

"Touché!" cried the man, and whistled on his fingers.

Immediately the entry seemed to swarm with men, who came from all sides and in all manners like conspirators from a wood in a tragedy. Two let themselves down from an upper window, one came running up from the archway behind him, two more from the angle, others from doorways in recesses. All were armed, and all in a hurry; and even as they came on, the first arrival had drawn his blade and was pressing our Captain. This was an ambush, it was clear, and promised to go hard with its victim.

He did all that a man could, encompassed by so cloudy a host.

Planting himself against the wall, his cloak about his left arm for a shield, his sword whisking now here, now there, it was a truly terrific defence. And as he fought he sang gayly to himself, his troubles forgot. Or he talked—"Bristles, beware, thou fightest Brazenhead! Ah, that was shrewdly countered, boy of Shrewbury!

'The maid looked up, the maid looked down,
With never a word to say—a—'

Why, scullion, if thou wilt have it, have it and hold—" And here to a creeping ruffian, who had come on all fours behind to hamstring him with a bill, he gave his death-blow between the shoulders, and withdrew the sword in the nick of time to parry a lunge from his first opponent and to flesh him deeply in the groin. He disarmed yet another; but when two came at him together, and a third, clustering by the projecting grating of a window, cut at his head with a halberd, his attention was distracted, and a wound in the forearm maddened him. Coolness deserted him; for a moment or two he saw all the passage one burning red; then, like the tortured bull in the ring, he went blindly to his destruction, leapt upon his coupled foes, grappled and fell with them. There was a crowded moment of snorting, tussling, and stabbing on the ground, and for one man at least it was his last. But he who had stood in the window jumped from his advantage into the *mélée*, and, alighting in the small of the Captain's back, knocked him, as he said, "all ways at once"; others came to help . . . all was over. Captain Brazenhead in chains was haled to the Donjon, and there for the present he must remain.

(To be continued)



THE TAVERN OF DESPAIR

THE wraiths of murdered hopes and loves
Come whispering at the door,
Come creeping through the weeping mist
That drapes the barren moor;
But we within have turned the key
'Gainst Hope and Love and Care,
Where Wit keeps tryst with Folly, at
The Tavern of Despair.

And we have come by divers ways
To keep this merry tryst,
But few of us have kept within
The Narrow Way, I wist;—
For we are those whose ampler wits—
And hearts have proved our curse—
Foredoomed to ken the better things
And aye to do the worse!

Long since we learned to mock ourselves;
And from self-mockery fell
To heedless laughter in the face
Of Heaven, Earth, and Hell.
We quiver 'neath, and mock, God's rod;
We feel, and mock, His wrath;
We mock our own blood on the thorns
That rim the "Primrose Path."

We mock the eerie glimmering shapes
That range the outer wold,
We mock our own cold hearts because
They are so dead and cold;
We flout the things we might have been
Had self to self proved true,
We mock the roses flung away,
We mock the garnered rue;

The fates that gibe have lessoned us:
There susps to-night on earth
No macler crew of wastrels than
This fellowship of mirth. . . .
(Of mirth . . . drink, fools!—nor let it flag
Lest from the outer mist
Creep in that other company
Unbidden to the tryst.)

We're grown so fond of paradox
Perverseness holds us thrall,
So what each jester values most
He mocks the most of all;
But as the jest and laugh go round,
Each in his neighbor's eyes
Reads, while he flouts his heart's desire,
The knowledge that he lies.

If God called Azrael to Him now
And bade Death bend the bow
Against the saddest heart that beats
Here on this earth below,
Not any sobbing breast should gain
The guerdon of that barb—
The saddest ones are those who sport
The jester's motley garb.

Whose shout aye loudest rings, and whose
The maddest cranks and quips—
Who mints his soul to laughter's coin
And wastes it with his lips—
Has grown too sad for sighs and seeks
To cheat himself with mirth:
We fools self-doomed to motley are
The weariest wights on earth!

But yet, for us whose brains and hearts
Strove aye in paths perverse,
Doomed still to know the better things
And still to do the worse,—
What else is there remains for us
But make a jest of care
And set the rafters ringing, in
Our Tavern of Despair?

DON MARQUIS.

THE EPIDEMIC OF IDEALISM IN FICTION

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT



HE last six months have been "hard times" in the business of novel-reading. The winter's fiction was not especially notable for power, imagination and a firm grasp of life. But through volume after volume, by writers of widely different endowment, has run a common note of wistful idealism, of search for the Thing-Worth-While. It is as if many novelists simultaneously had said to themselves, "I have been preoccupied with other matters long enough. I will now consider the predicament

of the human being who seeks to live by the light of the soul."

The most conspicuous and painstaking of these efforts is probably "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet. The book is likely to disappoint both classes of her readers—the many who were attracted by the outcry over "Sir Richard Calmady," and the smaller number who have followed her work for more than twenty years because it was reasonably sure to be both clever and thoughtful.

"The Far Horizon" is anything but painfully sensational. It will

**The Far Horizon.* By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co.

never attain a *succès de scandale*. On the other hand, it is less clever than Mrs. Harrison's wont, and its thoughtfulness is of a singularly rigid kind. You emerge from reading it with the sensation of having been for some hours in a painfully cramped position. The hero is an absolutely faultless gentleman of distinguished appearance and Spanish ancestry. Absolutely faultless gentlemen make comfortable house-mates, but they are poor heroes of fiction, for they are subject to few of the endearing human accidents that spice existence for the rest of us. They are as unnatural as china that will not break.

Dominic Iglesias is a clerk in a London banking house until he retires at fifty-five. His life has been devoted to the care of an invalid mother, and he has been a model character; but, apparently, he has neither observed nor thought. At fifty-five, having the leisure, he opens his eyes, realizes that he has practically no amusements, friends, or resources for passing the time, and resolves to find these things and shape an existence for himself.

The search of Iglesias for a livable life turns quickly into the quest for "some method by which the interior and exterior life could be brought into sane and fruitful relation, so that the former might sensibly permeate and dignify the latter." His soul cries out for some language in which to express itself. The external life as lived by him and by those he knows is "barren and vapid," and he gropes his way toward the harmony he requires and "the road which leads to the light on the far horizon and beyond to the presence of God."

The external events are very few. Iglesias puts his old employers on their feet when their business is tottering to failure; finds a friend in a woman of histrionic genius and questionable life; reverts to the Roman Church which was the faith of his fathers, and dies. It is in the development of his religious life that

he finds the harmony he seeks, but here Mrs. Harrison fails lamentably to convince. Her conception of Iglesias's religion is astoundingly mechanical and superficial. A man may live to be fifty-five, too occupied to have friends or amusements, but surely he does not reach that age without achieving some relationship with the Divine, if he has the religious temperament in any degree. It is natural that a character like Iglesias should return to the Church of his people, but one could wish that Mrs. Harrison had not chosen to represent him as affected against the Anglican communion by the pomposity of a self-satisfied clergyman. Happily for both Catholics and Protestants the clergy are not the Church, in either communion.

Some twenty years ago Mrs. Harrison published in the *Fortnightly* a very brilliant article criticising Amiel and his Journal. Among other things she said:

The Journal is full of unsatisfied religious aspiration, of pensive outcries for a more definite faith, for opportunities of common worship, for all those outward aids to belief which a historic church alone can supply. And yet all the while, that poor little youthful piety clings with all the violence of which Amiel's gentle nature was capable to the traditional animosities of the eviscerated Calvinism in which it was nurtured. For Catholicism Amiel has very few good words, and a great many bad ones. Nuns are sometimes loud-voiced; monks are sometimes fat. It is enough. "Son sentiment esthétique était froissé, son sentiment religieux l'était plus encore."

This attitude of offended good taste which the author decries in Amiel as toward Catholicism, she now justifies in Iglesias as toward Anglicanism. The argument is as weak now as then, and has nothing to do with the spiritual life in either case. And, besides all that, it seems incongruous, almost unseemly, as coming from the pen of one born a Kingsley.

It is curious, by the way, how different Mrs. Harrison's Catholic characters are from those that Mrs. Craigie draws. The religion of the latter is always vital to themselves and comprehensible to the reader. Its genuineness impresses. In "The Dream and the Business" * the people are preoccupied, though less consciously, with the same search for harmony that absorbed Iglesias. But they are young, and so with them it is largely a matter of reconciling the dream of love and the business of life. Their effort is piteous, but fine. It terminates chiefly in suffering, but, says one of them, "Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature." The book comes nearer to actual life than Mrs. Craigie ever came before, and it has, moreover, the exquisite, effervescent brilliancy that so distinguished her earliest work and made it command the instant attention of every reader with an ear for epigram. Afterward, in "Robert Orange" and "The School for Saints," this brilliancy diminished somewhat, and her power to present character was less developed than we see it in her last work. What that power in its fulness might have been, it is our loss not to know.

In "Running Water" † the heroine, following her vision of the harmonious life, leaves her mother, a frequenter of Continental resorts, and the futile, dubious, pleasure-seeking existence her mother leads, and goes to an unknown father. He proves to be a more questionable person still, and Sylvia, instead of finding a congenial atmosphere and peace for her fretted spirit, is thrown into sharp opposition to the criminal designs of a man all the more dangerous from the fact that he is still, at long intervals, a gentleman. We are not told how the child of such parents comes to be the fine creature that she is, but she pits herself against her father to save the money and the life of one

of his victims, and, for the time being, refuses happiness and rescue from her equivocal position, in order to make this fight for another's salvation. The struggle is more or less melodramatic and the ending conventional. Sylvia finds harmony in a happy marriage, the villain is thwarted, and all is well. The author is really more concerned with telling his story than with portraying character and interpreting experience, but the very story he selects to tell proves how widespread, for the moment, is the grip of the ideal upon the mind of the novelist.

The recent work of John Galsworthy,* one of the coming English novelists, illustrates that tendency much more strikingly, but it is his method to argue for the life of the soul by showing us the other side of the shield. "The Man of Property" is an able *reductio ad absurdum* of the materialistic life. So able is it, indeed, that cold chills run down the reader's back for fear that in some things, also, he himself may be found to be a Forsyte—and this in spite of his belief that one must be somewhat of that nature in order to be a decent citizen of this universe. The Forsytes are the solid men of the community, the backbone of existing institutions; those who have the eye for what they want, the tenacity to hold on to it, the sense of the folly of wasting what they have acquired. A Forsyte "knows a good thing when he sees it, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property—it doesn't matter whether it is wives, houses, money, or reputation—is his hallmark."

The Forsytes of the novel are a London family, but as one of them admits, they are the type of half England and the safer half at that. There are degrees of being a Forsyte, and two of the family, old and young Jolyon, have moments of philosophy, flashes of insight, instincts of tenderness. But to a Forsyte pure and simple these things are foolishness.

* The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Co.

† Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason. The Century Co.

* The Man of Property. The Country House. By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Galsworthy's grip on the point of view of a Forsyte and his way of action, is something quite terrible. To read a chapter about Soames Forsyte, the typical "man of property," is to feel oneself literally gasping for oxygen at the end of it. It is not an especially pleasant experience, but it occasions a profound respect for the writer who brings it about.

Few novelists make any attempt to depict mental processes truthfully. Characters in fiction are almost universally represented as thinking more coherently and to the point than real people habitually do. It is only the very exceptional man who can sit down and think steadily at will along a given line. Most of us reach our conclusions through temperament rather than through logic. Tolstoi recognized this, and Mr. Galsworthy recognizes it. Hardly since "*Anna Karénina*" has there been any such realistic picture of the inside of a man's brain as we get of Soames Forsyte's. That such a picture is the reverse of cheerful is not the fault of the novelist.

Merciless as this author is toward the Forsytes, he cannot be called tender toward certain of their opposites. His Sulphites are no more engaging than his Bromides. Soames Forsyte drives his wife to a mad love-affair and her lover to suicide, and the reader does not greatly care what becomes of either. But then, neither of these characters is trying to live by the light of the soul. That distinction is reserved among Mr. Galsworthy's creations for Mrs. Pendyne, the old-fashioned gentlewoman in "*The Country-House*," and for her cousin Gregory Vigil. The gentleness with which these characters are portrayed is a sufficient advertisement of the author's principles. He is far from being detached and indifferent toward human nature in its finer manifestations, even if he does choose to make us feel its beauty chiefly by delineating the sordid, pathetic opposite.

Somewhat it does not seem an easy matter for any of Mr. Galsworthy's characters to lay hands on the Kingdom of Heaven. Even Mrs. Pendyne's nobility of spirit is more an inheritance than an achievement. Can it be that the burden of the Higher Life is less exhausting in New Jersey than in Great Britain? At all events, the amount of spirituality under which the characters in English novels will fairly reel is borne light-heartedly by Mrs. Freeman's latest heroine. The title of the book, "*By the Light of the Soul*," frankly proclaims its nature.* Like "*Running Water*" it deals with a young girl more or less at variance with her surroundings, but somehow Maria Edgham's burdens are never heavy enough to oppress the reader. Perhaps this is because readers have learned to place confidence in the New England fibre of Mrs. Freeman's heroines. No matter how severely that fibre is taxed, it is triumphantly equal to the strain. Maria is everything that a Forsyte is not, and she glories in the renunciation of all kinds of property, both material and spiritual. Money is nothing to her, love is nothing, her very name and identity are nothing, when weighed in the balance of another's happiness.

There may easily be a question as to the right and wrong of Maria's renunciations. One need not be a Forsyte in order to see that one's identity is not, after all, a thing that can or should be renounced. Maria chooses to go completely out of the life that has known her for the sake of a beloved half-sister. The complications that would follow if it were discovered that she still lived, trouble her very little. At the end of the book we leave her wrapped in the ecstasy of her martyrdom. She is at the opposite pole from Soames Forsyte, and if one had to choose between them, hers is the better part. But happily in real life it is still possible and even advisable to be

* *By the Light of the Soul*. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Bros.

more soulful than a Forsyte and less so than an Edgham.

Of course, not all of the winter's novels have followed this trend. For instance, there is Mrs. Atherton's "Rezánov,"* a historical romance of the early days of California, adhering closely to fact and brimming full of the pride of the eyes and the joy of life. Rezánov, the ambitious Russian, whose designs had they not been thwarted by his untimely

death, would probably have meant Russian supremacy over the Pacific Coast, is a thorough child of this world, and exults in being so. But to offset him, there is Fogazzaro's "Saint," more striking still as a child of heaven, homeless on earth.

Altogether, it is as I have said. Idealism has been epidemic in the season's fiction, and yet that fiction has not been unusually strong or satisfying. But that matters little except to the novel-reader, for the cause of idealism can take care of itself.

**Rezánov*. By Gertrude Atherton. Authors and Newspapers Association.

QUACK JOURNALISM

By MRS. L. H. HARRIS



OME people are physically morbid, and naturally incurable even when they are not sick. They lack the mental courage of health. They have the diathesis of some favorite disease in their imaginations, and for this reason they desire a remedy which appeals primarily to the imagination. It may be compounded of the same old paretic elements which orthodox allopathy recommends, but it will not reach the seat of their disorder unless it claims to cure everything from tooth-ache to meningitis. These are the people who resort to patent medicines for health. And few realize the fact, but there is a class which corresponds to them in the moral and intellectual world. They suffer from the sick sensationalism of distorted thinking, and they crave a morbid expression of it. This accounts for the existence of a quack kind of journalism.

Recently the author had occasion to examine nearly a hundred "periodicals" which are rarely seen on the newsstands and which reflect the feverish tastes of this class of readers. And it is evident that the yellowest

of yellow journals could not satisfy it. For they do not want bill-board news of that kind: they desire a current literature which reflects their manias and mental incoherence. They have a peculiar Caliban news of their own, which is often more shocking than the most scandalous story published in the slum supplement of a great daily.

Much of it is indecent, not in terms, but by logic and the law of suggestion. And it is so for the same reason that Bedlamites are immodest without realizing that they are. The authors have lost the delicate sense of personal and mental propriety which belongs to the normal man or woman. And, as a lunatic often imagines himself a great king or some other figure-head of glory, so nearly every one of these quack editors imagines himself to be the little mustard seed of some great "world movement" or reform. There is the "Spencer-Whitman Centre,"—a world movement apparently conducted by a single lady in Chicago, which must look like the wriggling of a tadpole's tail in that city of great "movements." And there are the "Evergreens," who are conducted in another kind of "movement" by the "Boss Evergreen." And the Boss Evergreen is in turn the editor

of a magazine which he says is "Devoted to the obstetrics of thought and the philosophy of existence." It is impossible to tell where he will lead the other Evergreens, but if they are to have any "obstetrics of thought" along the way there is no evidence of it in this copy of the magazine. I quote the following epigram (?) which appears to be the Boss Evergreen's leading motto, his natural handwriting on the wall, so to speak: "Man is truly handicapped by reason." Doubtless, when it comes to this kind of "Foolosophy." But possibly the most alarming movement of all is headed by the editor of a western magazine who claims "to pierce the future." At the conclusion of an article on "Faith and Reason" he exclaims: "I believe that as I become *en rapport* or in harmony with the Great All, that the Great All and I are one. I am God! and often during waking illumination I have started up quivering with indescribable ecstasy, and with every atom of my being compelling me, hoarse with emotion, to shout, I AM GOD!" He says this is "to be continued," but it ought not to be. When a man begins to think under the most illuminating circumstances that he is God, he has passed the Quack Journalistic stage and ought to have a jury to sit on his case, to determine whether his insanity is wilful or involuntary. If it is wilful, and undoubtedly there is much wilful lunacy among this class of people, he should be punished; if not, he should have a place provided for him and his press in the nearest insane asylum.

The editors of these quack journals and magazines are easily divided into Free Thoughters, New Thoughters, witch doctors with therapeutic ambitions, and sporadic cranks with nothing but inspirations and inkstands. The bywords of the Free Thoughters are "liberty" and "progress." And they are all in bondage to their individual magazinelet theory of life. Their peculiar mania is "rationalism." But the kind of

reasonableness they advocate would drive any sane person crazy and change society into Bedlam. They have a bushwhacking notion of philosophy which leads them to beat everybody else's philosophy over the head. But they are very fond of the term and the more foolish their conclusions are the more likely they are to call them "philosophy."

The topics most frequently discussed by them are sex, religion, and politics. And if the prevailing madness is not spiritual, it is sexual. Walt Whitman appears to be the father of their doctrines on this subject; and much of the writing is done by women, who almost invariably accompany their articles with a photograph of themselves. At first it was hard to account for this lack of even facial decency, but I incline to the opinion that they have really lost the sense of sex. They are mentally emasculated, and so write with monstrous indelicacy upon a theme which any sort of man would be ashamed to exploit. They all treat of it with an affectation of reverence that is misleading. From one we learn that sex is a "principle." From another, that it is a "moral inspiration." All of them dodge the old-fashioned, colorless Worcester's definition. I quote from a paper published at Ingleside, Ill., by the "Spirit Fruit Society"—whatever that may be.

I AM A WOMAN

Have I not the right to do this? Can I not advise one of my kind? Is not the Spirit Universal, the Author of all my existence, my husband? Do I not take the passive attitude toward this Universal Man? Do I not cause this Spirit which is in all things to come forth and take a delight to serve the manifest feminine nature?

A broader-minded notion of impersonal prostitution could scarcely be conceived, yet the author is doubtless some innocent old maid with nervous trouble and "Mental Science hallucinations."

"Self-Culture" is the capsule name of much of this kind of literature. I saw one magazine which is devoted to the doctrines of 'Prenatal In-

fluences"—that is, to the business of teaching mothers how to foist their sick nerves and fancies upon their unborn children. And in a magazine published "for people who think," I saw the picture of a baby with this inscription under it:

Although only a year old this wonderful child is believed to understand the relationship of phenomena and to know a synthesis from a jig-saw. She is acquiring cosmic consciousness, developing social efficiency, and coming into harmony with the Universal Postulate.

It may be that the editor put this in for a joke, but it is a curious kind of joke. In any case it is time for heaven to have mercy when a little child can be made to suffer like this—for the sake of a hippodrome theory of life. "Self-Culture," however, covers a much wider field. There is a journal published to prove that immortality is a mere matter of diet and proper thinking. The vegetarians and meat eaters in certain quarters are carrying on a fierce debate as to which are the more chaste. Each claims the distinction, and each produces the most culminating evidence against the other's prospects of "immortality."

Christian and Mental Scientists furnish much of this morbid medicated journalism. But it is impossible for a sane person to understand what they call the "New Thought." It is simply the quackery of mental gases, so to speak. And very many are attracted by this *ignis fatuus* thinking because their own minds are in the same nebulous condition. They have only the nerves and emotions of sense. They are in the sac state intellectually, and they mistake their own confusion and incoherence for "illumination." They are not yet made, or, if they ever were, they have come undone in the mentally diluting process which they call science. That which confuses reasonable people, however, is the editorial habit they have of clinching their amorphous conclusions with quotations from the Scriptures, or from well-known ethical writers. If they were morally responsible

they would know that in this way they practise the slyest kind of thievery.

As I have already intimated, one popular patent-medicine label of nearly all Quack Journalism is "progress." This is the most attractive term to the average American, and because in these papers, at least, it covers a kind of thinking sane people never do, many are deceived into the belief that it is "progressive" thinking. So it is, but in the wrong direction. Here is a quotation from *The Progressive Thinker*, a very large newspaper devoted to the propagation of Spiritualism.

SYMPORIUM

The question before Spiritualists is this: Can a Spirit dematerialize a white dress, a white hat, a pair of white stockings, a scarf, fan, and doll, and convey them to her home in spirit life, and then at will materialize them and bring them back to earth, and continue doing so indefinitely?

The pathos consists in the fact that the above is set down as a serious problem and that there are thousands of subscribers who are corrupting their spiritual faculties trying to "solve" it. Of all the examples of this kind of journalism, those published in the interests of Spiritualism and certain other forms of mysticism are probably the most damaging mentally, because they contain so many suggestions and temptations which lead to the destruction of sanity. And there is much affectation among this class of journalists, personal efforts made to impose upon the imagination of the reader. The editor of a magazine "devoted to oriental and occidental philosophy, sociology, science, religion, the cultivation of the higher senses, development of the brain and chest capacity, diet, resting, etc., " has a picture of himself on the front page, which is doubtless as symbolic and mysterious to his followers as it is diverting to the rest of us. Apparently he wears over white trousers a long white night-shirt, which is ragged at the bottom, and caught up

gracefully on one side. Over his shoulders and trailing out magnificently behind him is a sort of robe. He wears the usual masculine standing collar and looks like a "perfect lady" in the face. In order to understand and accept the ideas advertised in this magazine, one must get into a spiritual state of innocuous desuetude. Yet it is said to be very attractive, especially to women. This is because a certain class of women imagine themselves interested in occultism. But what they think is the occult is simply the inside and the wrong side of the obvious. They are amateur mystics, looking at the back side of their own imagination.

The "Free Thought" journals are abler in some ways and more absurd in others. These papers are conducted first for the glory of the editor and second for the glory of "the cause." And they all have a cause to defend, martyrs even to proclaim. For instance, there is an old man named Moses Harman in the Cook County jail now, because he discussed the eternal "sex" problem too freely. His fellow-editors who are out of jail call him "the other Walt Whitman," meaning that they are Whitmans themselves in a less ostentatious way. If the "good gray poet" could see the kind of spawn his man-muse would beget in the next generation, he would have expurgated more than he did his epic of democracy. But that is the curious thing about foolish, quack-minded people,—they relate themselves to the great by imitating only their faults. Thus these tintype Whitmans show his indelicacy of mind without one evidence of its beauty or strength. They are as incapable of producing or appreciating the fleetness and power of his elk-horned poetry as a second-class imp of darkness would be incapable of comprehending Milton's great drama of that region. And while it may appear ludicrous in some of its smaller manifestations, there was something as large and benignant in Whitman's egotism

as in other poets' "over soul," but in these quack dispensers of Free Thought egotism is simply a vulgar obsession.

It is really the same instinct which causes some people to print their photographs in a patent-medicine advertisement in order to call attention to themselves and to the remedy. Thus a man in an atheistic magazine puts his picture above the following definition of noumenon:

According to prevalent philosophy, and Mr. B. F. Underwood, what is isn't, and all that is n't is (everything else is noumenon): not things are things, and things are not things. The king of all is Thingumbob I, II and XXXIII. Thingumbob the Great, Glory and Gaspipes. . . .

Across the moorlands of the not
We chase the gruesome when;
And hunt the itness of the what.
Through forests of the then,
Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty where;
We spear the Ego tough, and beard
The Selfhood in his lair!

It is the maverick mind, showing its tail in literature. If an agnostic writes a simple little essay of two paragraphs, he sets it off at the top with his picture. If another makes an assault upon the family life with an article on "The Tyranny of Family Love," his picture goes with it, to show the reader exactly how intelligent and how gentlemanly a person can look who proclaims the dogmas of scientific inhumanity.

But the diverting thing to an outsider is the normal integrity with which nearly every editor of this class despises the pretensions of all the others. Thus, the editor of *To-morrow Magazine* sneers at poor Triggs, the editor of *Triggs' Magazine*. Meanwhile under the title of "The Dingqueer in Literature" a writer in *Chained Lightning*, another "flash-centre" in Chicago, despises them all in terms that are grossly witty. However, the most withering sarcasm only stimulates each one to a greater profession of himself. P. H. Sercombe, the editor of *To-morrow Magazine*, is proud to announce that "he is a man gone sane in a mad world." Sercombe,

by the way, is one of the extraordinary examples of egotism in this sort of journalism, because the man has some kind of ability, which is not literary or reasonable, back of his pretensions. "He's a poet—a wise duck, that greezer; ain't he a well educated sucker!" was a grocer boy's description of him. And while we may be in doubt about some of it, there is none whatever about the rest. He is too credulous of what he thinks he knows; he leaps with sophomoric energy to conclusions that would stagger Bakunin himself, who was the most radical Socialist of his times. "An increase in the number of preachers and police will only increase crime and enlarge your jails," he exclaims. This is what comes of being only a "wise duck," for the wisdom of ducks is, and always will be, extremely limited. An idea is good only in so far as it is applicable and serviceable to life and conditions as they are. That is what a "duck" would never bear in mind. Things being as they *are* we cannot get on without a few preachers and a good many policemen. Sercombe is calling for the last step in social evolution before we are able to take the first. Anarchy is one thing which cannot be hatched out of the very elements of crime and disorder. It may be a very good thing when everybody learns how to be sane, moral, and merciful. But at present it would give too much liberty to the Sercombes, the Moses Harmans and the Sophie Leppels. But here we come to another trouble in dealing with quackery of every kind. There really is much wrong in the existing order of things, and the art of quackery is to attach itself to some vital need, then give itself the airs of an infallible remedy.

Another characteristic which gives writers of this class an unenviable distinction is their uniform lack of taste and of the sense of proportion. Even when they proclaim the truth, they make it unsightly by the indecency of their own manner. They

have a loud-voiced literary style which suggests to the reader that he is listening to an irresponsible street-corner orator who may be drawing a crowd in order to sell shirt buttons or a cure-all liniment. And there is something which justifies the suspicion, for these hobo heralds of a mad Utopia nearly all have an entreating advertisement on their front page of some "Center," "Club" or "Movement" which costs from \$12 to \$9 for a "life membership." Really it would be distracting enough to belong to any of them without paying for the pain of it.

These journals have a class of writers peculiar to them, men and women whose names occur in nearly all of them and which are never seen anywhere else. Most of them have a screw loose and do not know it. Some are blasphemous, as if they had cursed God and died and are now writing, out of the dust and ashes of their own souls, of every kind of revolting godlessness. Others have mistaken their lack of the power of concentration for an esoteric kind of inspiration and they smoke up the vagaries of Mental Science and Mysticism (?). These are women for the most part, who make religion a matter of calisthenics and breathings, and who have got diet mixed up with what they think is their spirituality.

Much is quoted, to be sure, from noted writers, especially on scientific subjects, but very few of them are voluntary contributors. Among these I note the names of Upton Sinclair and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The former is disposed to make himself the Moses of the working classes in this country, and no one will dispute that they need one, but Mr. Sinclair was never cut out for such a rôle. His temperament alienates his mind from patience if not from veracity. I never knew what to think of Mrs. Wilcox, but she evidently regards herself as a sentimental authority upon many moral questions. And it is a fact that people who never quote anyone else's poetry do often quote couplets from her. I do not

know whether this is good for them or not, but she does seem to me more nearly in her right place among these quack journalists than she does anywhere else except in the blazing page of a Sunday newspaper supplement.

Among the odds and ends of these papers, some are published especially for the "travelling man." There is nothing like "Free Thought," and certainly no "New Thought" in them. Apparently they are meant to be antidotal to "blues" and "morals." *Tale Side Wails*, the "genial magazine of grouch," is an illustration to the point; but there are others, and in them all the obvious prevails. Jokes are made easy; the literary style is dropsical; the wit is of the ginger-ale kind, sharp and weak; there is a bad grade of whiskey humor, and a "dopey" kind of cheerfulness prevails from page to page. The illustrations are deliberate abortions of art. Everybody is caricatured to fit an inebriate idea of what is funny. In order to appreciate such a magazine, the reader must not only be "one of the boys," but he must have lost his private, personal sense of delicacy and refinement, and he must have given up the sincerity of looking himself straight in the face. The vision is there on the printed page, horrible, with a suggestion of snakes and monkeys. Everything is written so as to tax the mind as little as possible, as if the editor expected to get his readers from that class of people who were drunk the night before. That is to say he helps the poor soul to forget his disgrace by passing it off as a joke. This may be literary philanthropy, but if so, it is of very doubtful excellence.

I cannot end this review of Quack Journalism without calling attention to a small periodical which was evidently in the collection by mistake. I do not know what else Michael Monahon has been saying in *The Papyrus*, nor if it is quite discreet on this account to recommend the thing, but to find a man with the literary sense in such company is

so refreshing that one is inclined to proclaim him. He has a wild head, a kind heart, and a disposition which is subject to the weather. There is sun, wind, and rain in his whimsical fancies. He is as modest as a tolerably original thinker ever is. This distinguishes him from the intolerably original thinkers. He is not so much in earnest as to be wearing, and if he has any "cause" at all, it is the business of laying a flower here and there upon the grave of some rascally genius who suffered for his sins. This is a rare and beautiful fault. It may be that Monahon is bad himself, but there are many wicked people whose only earmark of respectability is the severity with which they judge others. And it may be that upon closer acquaintance Monahon would prove to be a maudlin "heeler" of the wrong kind generally; but here's a health to him, in any case, for having written in him, somewhere, the canons of literary art, and a little smattering of that perfect law of kindness which is no respecter of persons.

And now, when all is said, we have too many journals even of the best kind, too many earnest writers who are not quacks, trying to deliver messages of real value to a perverse generation. We have too many doctors, priests, helpers of every kind. If they would all quit for a while the relaxation might be morally beneficial. Doubtless some of us would die, but it is not so bad to die in an enlightened age like this; and it is nowhere written that God will not have mercy on a man because he is dead. Meanwhile the rest would enjoy the liberation of a short silence, of a little vacation in the world when nobody preached to them or beat upon them to arouse their consciences about the conditions that ought to be mended somewhere else. Some would even learn to do their own thinking more carefully, and all would be in a more receptive mood when the doctoring, teaching and preaching began again.

TWO IMPERSONATIONS OF PEER GYNT

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



HE late Walter Bagehot declared that the only way to criticise a work of the imagination is to describe its effect upon the mind of the critic. Where the work is an acting drama, however, the business is more complicated. The actors of the drama are, of course, in the place of critics and it is their affair to make clear to the audience whatever effect has been produced upon their minds by study of the material. But when, as in the case of Ibsen, the audience itself has had access to the printed word of the drama and has reacted to its sentiment, there is a reconciliation to be brought about between the actor's idea and the preconceived idea of the audience, unless, as seldom happens, the two are one and the same.

The critic who has made his way through the exuberant imagery of "Peer Gynt," and has found in its indeterminate hero a type dangerously akin to the spirit of most of us, inevitably has formed his ideal of the interpretation, and the actor—for good or ill—is judged by it. The more finished and elaborate the performance, the more probable it is that actor and critic will be at swords' points, since the items upon which difference of opinion or impression may arise are multiplied. Thus it happens that frequently a rough sketch of the idea—the actor's idea—given at an informal moment will meet with a sympathy and comprehension that might very well have been denied to the same idea thoroughly worked out and retouched.

This, perhaps, is one reason why

the fragmentary production of "Peer Gynt," under the auspices of the City Club of New York, by the Scandinavian actors Mr. Warner Oland and Miss Hilda Englund, conveyed more of an emotional thrill than the elaborate presentation of the play by Mr. Mansfield at the New Amsterdam Theatre. At the City Club there was no mechanical illusion. There was no curtain, there was no scenery, and the audience were almost at the elbows of the actors: but the impression given tallied admirably with Ibsen's notion that the exaltation of the play is that of wine and not of sausages and beer. It was poetic and penetrating, and it had the wildness that lies at the heart of the Scandinavian temperament ready to burst out in one form or another of excess. The scenes enacted were the first scene of the first act, in which Peer recites to his mother his mythological ride on the reindeer, and the second scene of the third act, in which Ase dies, with Peer driving hard to the gates of heaven. These were rendered with a flexible vehemence in part and in part a contrasting tenderness and sobriety, running both high and low in alternation like the road to Soria-Moria castle. Peer, dramatizing his flight along the Gedin-Edge, soared on the strongest wings of imagination, carrying not only his mother but his audience into the presence of the fantastic ride; his words leaped and rippled with purest spontaneity and with that subtle potency of evocation withheld from the artist, whoever he may be, who is not at heart a poet. This was Peer the seer, translated by his vision of himself into the heroic creature he described, and for the moment inspired to spirit-

ual action. Then came the drop to earth, the deviltry of eye and lip as the poet slouched into the peasant and loafer, slyly jeering at his mother's credulity and at his power to play upon her.

The power to play upon her and her ready reciprocity of temper, the sense that despite her scolding and lamentation she and the boy were of one clay and knit closely together in their appreciation of mad adventure and ability to conjure it—these were the "note" of both Mr. Oland's and Miss Englund's acting in the first scene. And this it was that made possible the poignancy of the death scene. Peer, returning from experiencesthat have placed his life in forfeit, finds his mother dying. Characteristically dreading for himself and for her the facing of facts, he substitutes fancy and makes

her believe that he is taking her on a gay drive to the far-off castle where food and wine and welcome await her. It is impossible to do justice to the charm of the interplay of the two temperaments during this amazing rush through intellectual space.

The words of the drama themselves suggest that in the time of Peer's childhood his mother had been hardly less eager than he over the "play-acting" with which they had whiled time away.



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS PEER GYNT

THE DYING ASE:

Ay, mind you? And then we played
sledges,

When your father
was far abroad.
The coverlet served
for a sledge-apron,
And the floor for
an ice-bound
fiord.

PEER:

Ah, but the best of
all, though,—
Mother, you mind
that too?
The best was the fleet-
foot horses—

ASE:

Ay, think you that
I've forgot?—
It was Kari's cat
that we borrowed
It sat on the log-
scoped chair—

PEER:

To the castle west of
the moon, and
The castle east of
the sun,
To Soria-Moria castle
The road ran both
high and low.
A stick that we found
in the closet,
For a whip-shaft
you made it serve.

ASE:

Right proudly I perked
on the box-seat—

PEER:

Ay, ay; you threw loose the reins,
And kept turning round as we travelled,
And asked me if I was cold.
God bless you, ugly old mother,—
You were ever a kindly soul!—!

Here if anywhere in literature we have the beat of the filial heart responding to that from which it was born. And in the muffled clatter of the imaginary steed upon the improvised stage, in the appeal and answer of the young and the old

voice, in the grappling of imagination with the hugest of mysteries, the Scandinavian actors made us comprehend that the fantastic to these two, mother and son, was the natural way of living, and did as a matter of fact change for them the world while they dreamed.

In Mr. Mansfield's interpretation of the same scenes we are asked to realize Peer Gynt as chiefly a *poseur*. The scamp in him obliterates the poet, and where the scamp is shaken off it is not to make room for the youth veritably inspired, if inspired only by his superlative conceit, but for the reflective cynic whose mind plays incredulously with its own fancies and whose moral laxity is more or less foreseen and intentional. This may have been Ibsen's Peer Gynt but it lacks the racial stamp that carries such a conviction. It gives opportunity, however, for a reading of the lines that is delicately ironic, if mild and unimpassioned, and that is in the taste of the modern day for the understatement of emotion. The scene at Ase's death-bed in these hands becomes the quaint imaginings of a mind acquainted with its own sophistry and quite unable to play the game with spontaneous gusto. The audience and Peer are both in the secret; Ase alone is deceived, for her comfort, and it is inevitable to question if anything

less than the weakness of death could explain her credulity, so tinged with disbelief is the voice of the rider explaining. Yet the poignancy has not wholly evaporated in this blander atmosphere. It exists in the doom foreshadowed of Peer's willing renunciation of all great emotions. Whatever Mr. Mansfield may leave out of his conception he retains—we might even say he creates—the Laodicean mood which is the only one through which the old Peer and the young can be made consistent. It is not easy to imagine what Mr. Oland would do with the prosperous rascal of the fourth act, from whom all the inner ferment has departed, whose visions are no longer those of the poet but those of the materialist whose heaven lies well within the range of his sensations.

Mr. Mansfield's youthful Peer is not too strange, not too mystical, not too isolated, to develop into the unperceptive person, intent only upon being able to withdraw from any irksome or embarrassing situation that may arise, who dominates the later acts of the play, who has thought no thoughts and sung no songs and done no deeds and set no impress upon his character. His incidental narrative tone in describing the reindeer episode, whittling as he talks and fully conscious of his mendacity, is quite in line with the philosophy of the



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS PEER GYNT

fourth act, where the buying and selling of men is discussed with the same self-conscious indifference, the same mocking accent of bravado. And the one supremely tragic moment of the play, when Peer Gynt is struggling in the darkness with the Boyg—or, if we accept the plausible interpretation of Vasenius, with himself—is a worthy herald of the scene at the hut.

At both these moments we have glimpses of latent capacities squandered, which we owe entirely to Mr. Mansfield's art—to the tones of his voice and to his impressive and restrained gesture. His Peer is not a poetic creation—not so poetic, one is tempted to believe, as Ibsen meant him to be, and certainly not so poetic as Mr. Oland has made him; but he is an intellectual unit. In its adaptation to the stage, the drama of which Peer is the central figure has lost even the slight coherency it originally had: it is a kaleidoscopic jumble that falls with every scene into a different pattern; but the idea of human nature involved is un-

deniably consistent. And the idea has perhaps a sounder core of truth than one that might more effectively fire our imaginations. To be filled with such concentrated energy of poetry as was Mr. Oland's Peer, for example, and not to have perceptions is a kind of contradiction of qualities to which we cannot easily fit our minds. We may find Mr. Mansfield's Peer unpleasantly human, and not so much the "Gyntish self" as the self ubiquitous that crops out in Beau Brummel and the venerable Cyrano; but we find him, whether surrounded by squeaking trolls or loyal women, very much a possible man of the common world. And as such he is the prototype of the characteristic Ibsen man in the later plays, who is not, as Mr. Symons has pointed out, a greatly exceptional character, but one who is apt to be typical of human nature on its commonplace side; whose thoughts, instead of soaring up like "clangorous voices," turn out at the end to have trundled "as grey-yarn thread-balls."

THE NEWEST WOMAN'S CLUB

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR



T is a pleasant sign of growing solidity of fellowship in a sex too long credited with scattered and frivolous interests, that women's clubs, instead of hanging vaguely in mid-air, as they have done for so long, are coming to tether themselves tangibly to earth. Women upon whom the knowledge has burst that they enjoy their homes more if they are not always imprisoned in them, and professional women who perforce spend much of their time in the uncomforting glare of public places, unquestionably need, when they league together, though they have not long realized

it, a roof and walls for shelter. The peripatetic suburban club, whose members nervously drank chocolate at each other's houses at stipulated periods—the intervening time being spent in agitated ransacking of encyclopedias,—was the first crude form that this agreeable idea of social sisterhood took in America. Its most finished development is embodied in the new Colony Club, whose beautiful clubhouse, at Madison Avenue and Thirtieth Street, has just been opened.

The Colony Club itself, which hitherto has had no corporate life, being merely an ample membership list composed mainly of women of leisure and large means, can hardly be discussed. The trail that it may succeed in blazing for clubs the country



From a photograph by Sproul

THE COLONY CLUB, 122 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

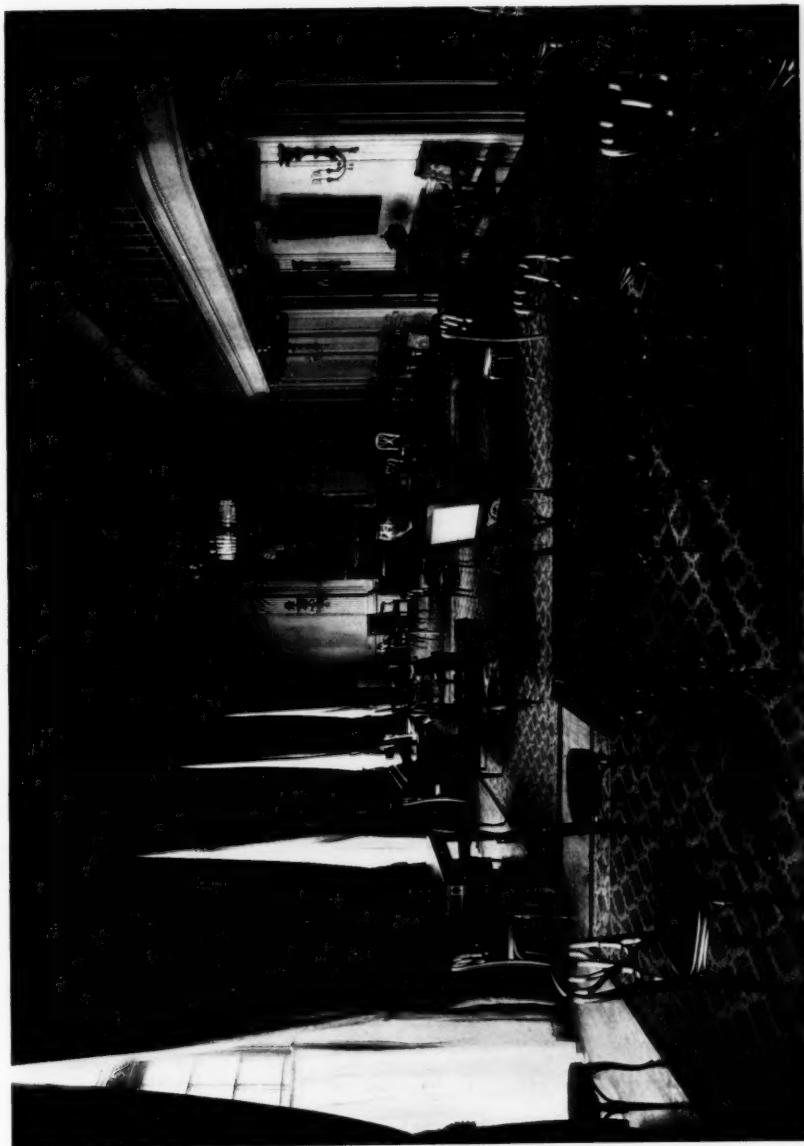
over, is as yet merely a matter of conjecture. The onlooker can only hope that it will never feel it necessary to pretend that it is dedicated to stern ends, even though it has already confessed an ambition to "stand not only for social and athletic purposes but for intellectual and artistic progress." It has surely taken upon itself a quite sufficient function if it maintains, consistently and harmoniously, the standard of luxury and grace to which the clubhouse astonishingly points.

Astonishingly, because the casual student of manners will not have been aware that American women practised the art of living in such sophisticated detail; or that they would need and demand a playground conforming to such an elaborate and highly civilized standard of luxury. Women have for so long been bred to the idea that material comforts were for men; they have so long travelled on steamers whose only comfortable room was the men's smoking-room, and on sleeping-cars whose provision for women puts the log-cabin to shame, that the impression has naturally taken shape that they are ascetics by conviction, and that in the social division of comforts they will amiably take what they can get. It is perhaps, therefore, by way of a legitimate reaction that this charming little monument in the history of American civilization should have been conceived by women and built for their exclusive use; and the ease with which they may use, in their pleasant leisure, these graces that they have wrought for themselves, will be a much more delicate test of their character and cultivation than any spasms of research or reform could be.

The advantages which the nine hundred members receive in return for their \$150 initiation fee and their \$100 yearly dues (non-residents pay only \$50 annually) are satisfactorily diverse. The member can, from the moment she enters the door, feel that she has accomplished the luxury of withdrawing herself from the world. She will

encounter here only Club members, for, except on reception days, guests of members enter the Club by a separate or Strangers' Entrance, use an elevator reserved for them, and are entertained in the Strangers' Dining-Room. According to her need or impulse, the member may use the Club for a rest-cure, a social meeting-place, or an experience leading to health and beauty. Or such, at least, the interesting disposition of the lowest floor, with its alluring baths and swimming-pool, suggests. Logically, it should perhaps first be mentioned that the clubhouse contains a gymnasium, said to be one of the best appointed in the country, and squash courts. Participation in the thoroughgoing sort of athletics that these appointments make possible will give a very definite zest to the delights of the swimming pool, which is sunk in white marble, surrounded by mirrors and lighted by a soft yellow light shed through a translucent ceiling hung with grape clusters and vines—a curiously lovely effect, credit for which must be given wholly to Miss Elsie de Wolfe's originality and taste, since no feature of it can have been borrowed from the Colonial home. This room is indeed far more mythological than "Colonial" in its suggestions; it ought to tempt nymphs and dryads back to earth. On the same floor are Russian, Turkish, and Nauheim baths. No item of physical comfort has been omitted or curtailed.

Upstairs there is the azalea-colored Assembly Room, suitable for receptions, balls, theatricals; the very distinctive little Trellis-Room, where tea is served; and a Card Room where bridge players may expend their enthusiasm to as far a limit as is compatible with the Club's anti-gambling provisions. Playing for money will not be allowed. There is also a Reading-Room and Library, and if the latter is as yet in an early stage of development that is because the directors of the enterprise have wisely known where to lay the greatest stress. It is already easy for a woman



From a photograph by Hall
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COLONY CLUB—ASSEMBLY ROOM, SHOWING MUSICIANS' GALLERY



COLONY CLUB—TEA-ROOM, WITH CARD-ROOM IN REAR

From a photograph by Hall



From a photograph by Hall

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COLONY CLUB—TRELLIS ROOM

to get access to a good library: to find a completely equipped gymnasium and swimming-pool she has to look more closely.

From the spacious hall, planned with Colonial simplicity, to the ten charmingly feminine sleeping-rooms, which members may occupy for periods of two weeks only, every appointment conforms with Miss de Wolfe's plan of breadth of effect and perfection of detail. Where appointments (such as arrangements for lighting) did not exist, she designed them. Where wall-papers and hangings were not obtainable in this country, she imported them from France. Each of her rooms, therefore, is precisely what she intended to have it; and the effect of coherence, of unity, for which the architecture of the house provides—the clubhouse was designed by the late Stanford White,—is furthered and perfected by the decoration.

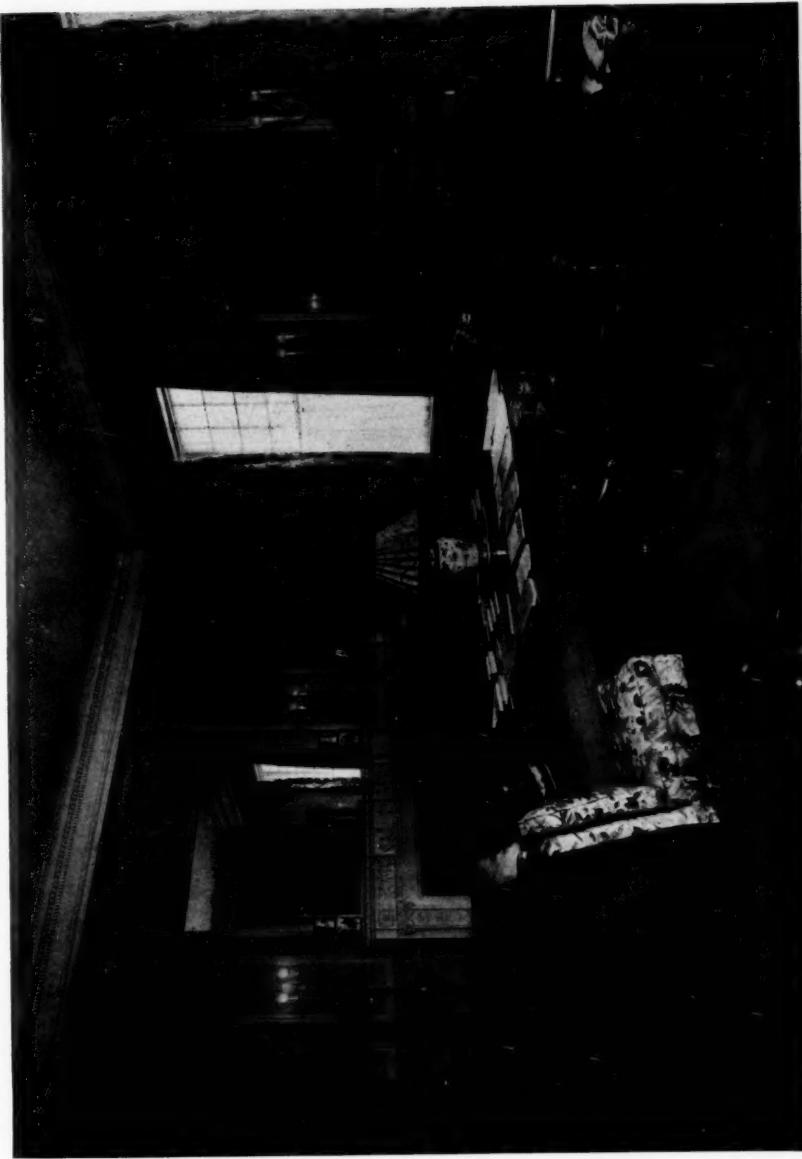
The impetus to form a club on such a scale as this came, of course, from London, where women have maintained and enjoyed clubhouses for a long time. The Lyceum Club, which hospitably extends its membership to Americans and other foreign women, and which is probably the largest club of professional women in the world, has been responsible for a very definite pang of loneliness that its American members felt when they returned to their own country, where clubs usually demand that one believe in something. The sound basis for membership in the Lyceum, on the contrary, is that one should have done something; something original—that is, in art, or science, or education. The Colony Club is a very different matter. It is obviously not for professional women primarily, though it proudly points to a few among its membership. Its qualifications, therefore, are that a candidate be "clubable" and that she can afford the dues.

There would seem, therefore, to be still plenty of room in this country for a big professional woman's club, whose clubhouse would have something less perhaps than the admirable

luxury of the Colony Club, and whose policy should be somewhat broader than that of the Women's University Club, now modestly but comfortably housed in rented quarters in Madison Square.

It is quite easy to believe that the Colony Club leaped into no sudden being. On the contrary, its members say that Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who is now its President, conceived the idea five years ago, together with Miss Anne Morgan and Miss Helen Barney; and that these ladies, with the present Board of Governors, have been at work upon the project ever since. The character of the membership is fairly indicated by the list of Governors, who hold office for four years: Mrs. Archibald S. Alexander, Mrs. Reginald Bishop, Miss Kate Brice, Mrs. John E. Cowdin, Miss Caro de Forrest, Miss Mary Harriman, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Miss Elisabeth Marbury, Mrs. Walter Maynard, Mrs. Henry F. Osborn, Miss Mary Parsons, Mrs. W. S. Rainsford, Miss Florence Rhett, Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Jr., Mrs. Payne Whitney.

The Club officers, in addition to Mrs. Harriman, are Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Miss Anne Tracy Morgan, Mr. Julian M. Gerard. An Advisory Board of three men also exists, whose function is to "audit the accounts of the Treasurer of the Club, and to advise the Governing Board in legal and financial matters,"—doubtless a wise provision in consideration of the large sums of money which the Club handles, the clubhouse having cost half a million dollars. Mr. Charles T. Barney, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Frank Polk are the present members of this board. With that competent business woman, Miss Elisabeth Marbury, rests the responsibility for most of the practical organization of the Club. Miss Marbury is Chairman of the House Committee, a position that is not a sinecure in any club, and she has devoted herself enthusiastically to the perfecting of the interior management. And Miss de Wolfe's equally devoted



From a photograph by Hall
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COLONY CLUB—READING-ROOM



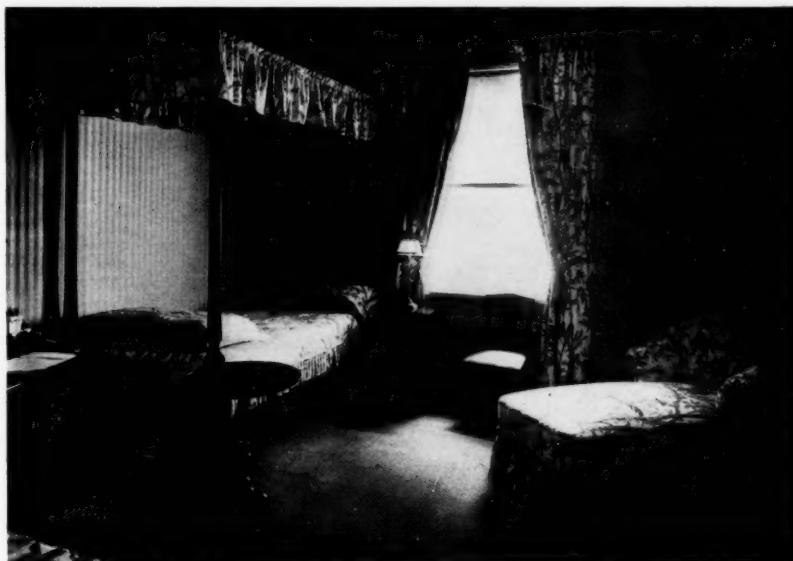
COLONY CLUB—PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

From a photograph by Hall

services have occupied her for two years past.

As an offset to the conspicuous athletic advantages of the Club, which have aroused extraordinary enthusiasm and have occasioned the admission of Junior Members (girls

cultivation is so much less interesting to follow than a gracious exercise of arts already learned, which is much more the spectacle that the tranquil and lovely clubhouse suggests. One does not like to think of lessons being learned or "papers" being read in



From a photograph by Hall

COLONY CLUB—BEDROOM

under eighteen, members of the household of a Club member), the Literature and Arts Committee, of which Mrs. Wiggin is a member, has planned a permanent series of "Tuesday Afternoons." These are to be devoted to the "intellectual and artistic progress" of the Club, the four Tuesdays in each month to be devoted, successively, to literature, art, politics and civics, and music. These afternoons are to include lectures, "organized discussions," exhibitions of the work of young artists and craftsmen, and encouragement of young musicians. Even in this vaguer and more conventional endeavor, it will be of great interest to the student of social phenomena to see what the Club actually accomplishes, although conscious self-

surroundings that demand digested lesson-books and assimilated accomplishments.

The popular point of view in regard to such an enterprise as this is not serious because it is not comprehending. The idea which women's clubhouses all to a greater or less extent embody, and of which the Colony Club is a peculiarly gracious flower, is significant and wholesome. What women who have leisure do with it has always been considered an entirely negligible matter, and public opinion having been so indulgent, women have done a great many foolish and trivial things. Clubhouses, to which men, wiser in self-protection, have long disingenuously held the sesame, are now teaching women that relaxation is as

important as work and that it ought to be as regularly ordered. In the case of the very poor, and of laborers, both men and women, this need was divined much earlier. The sociological eye saw long ago that poor women needed to escape each day if possible from their homes, or families, or stultifying employment, into surroundings dissociated from this habitual drain upon their energy. That women who are not poor, whose families do not, in the literal sense, hang upon their skirts, or whose oc-

cupations may be entirely cheerful, have nevertheless a similar need, is a fact that is penetrating very slowly into the social consciousness. There ought, of course, to be many kinds of clubhouses for women with many kinds of needs. The Colony Club, which appears for the present to contain a particularly suave answer to the need of one very definite class of women, may serve the additional purpose of stimulating other women to devise for themselves whatever playgrounds they may happen to demand.

"ARTEMUS WARD"—A CORRECTION

MONKSWOOD, HASLEMERE, SURREY.
March 1, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

In your February number, a poem "On the Death of Artemus Ward" is attributed by Mr. Enoch Knight to the pen of Mr. Swinburne. It can boast of no such brilliant parentage. I am the culprit, or rather I was just forty years ago. Even I, however, did not write it in the form in which it there appears. And as you have unwittingly reproduced it with no less than nine variations from the original text, I shall esteem it a favor if you will now publish the correct version which I give below.

Faithfully yours,
JAMES RHOADES.

Editor of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter—
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter,
Where the echoes of earth cannot fall?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?

Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that earth's good decays not with
earth?

And of all the heart's springs none are
purer
Than the springs of the fountains of
mirth?

He that sounds them has pierced the
heart's hollows.

The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's
shallows

Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West,
Won our laughter, but not with mere
madness,

Spake and joked with us, not in mere
jest:

For the man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those who were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.





The Lounger



"NIMROD'S WIFE" is the title given by Mrs. Thompson-Seton to her latest contribution to the literature of the woods and fields. Mrs. Thompson-Seton usually accompanies her husband on his trips in search of the wild animals he knows or is still to know. In her picture here given Mrs. Thompson-Seton is seen in her outing costume,—not a very rough costume to be sure, with its white collar and cuffs, but a very jaunty one, better suited to the wilds of Cos Cob, Conn., than to the wilds of the Sierras.



One of the best selling books of the day is "The Lady of the Decoration," by an anonymous writer who calls herself "Frances Little." The book, while in the guise of fiction, is really founded on fact, and is the outcome of a series of letters written by the anonymous author to a woman friend in Kentucky. This friend saw the possibilities of a book, and being a writer herself she added a touch here and there, and the result has been that, without much fuss or feathers,

without much advertising except from one person to another, the book has gone quietly along and worked its way into a popular success. It was rumored that Mrs. Rice—the cultivator of "The Cabbage Patch," had had a hand in the book, a rumor that had no more foundation than the fact that she and "Frances Little" are friends.



Mrs. J. O. Wright (Mabel Osgood Wright) has been most happy in the titles of her books. The latest, "Poppea of the Post Office," is particularly attractive. This new book is a story, pure and simple, but it shows Mrs. Wright's love of country life and country living, and has all the ear-marks of her unmistakable style. Mrs. Wright lives in New York, in an apartment on the west side, for a few months of the winter, but spends eight months of the year and every

week-end at her country home at Fairfield, Conn. Her husband, the well known bibliophile, has an open-air workroom under the trees at Fairfield, where he does his reading and



MRS. THOMPSON-SETON



GENERAL NICOLSON

writing in the summer-time. It is screened with mosquito netting, and at a large table in the centre of the room, he can read and write during the warm summer evenings without annoyance from insect pests. Everything in nature has its uses we are told; but just what the uses of mosquitoes and "June bugs" are I have failed to discover.



Mr. William R. Lighton, author of "The Shadow of a Great Rock," did

not have to go West for local color. He did not have to go, because he was there. The West is his. He knows every foot of its wilds. He is, I believe, on the editorial staff of the *Omaha World-Herald*, but he does not spend all his time in journalistic work. Every year at different times he goes out into the wilds of Wyoming, hundreds of miles from a railway, and lives out in the open. His Westerners are the real thing. They are no stage figures created to fascinate the matinée-



LAURENCE HOPE

girl, but are genuine products of the soil.

28

A reader of the *Lounger* in Dehra Dun, India, sends me this little sketch of the late "Laurence Hope," together with the very interesting photographs here reproduced:

Adela Florence Corrie—called by her husband Violet, and known to the reading world as "Laurence Hope"—was born in the south of England. She wrote verses from her childhood, the best poetry

being written after her marriage, and only published at the suggestion of a friend, Mrs. F. A. Steele. Mr. Heinemann now has some of her earlier verse,—to be published at his discretion.

The three sisters are Vivien Corrie ("Victoria Cross"), Isabell, now Mrs. Tate, editor of the *Sind Gazette* in India, and Adela Florence who in Karachi married General Nicolson. General Nicolson was thoroughly acquainted with the frontier tribes and through his knowledge his wife gained much. She was very clever in obtaining information from people and



THE HOME OF LAURENCE HOPE IN INDIA



THE GRAVE OF LAURENCE HOPE AND HER HUSBAND AT MADRAS, INDIA

delighted in abstract subjects. Her friends say she was a charming character, very original and unconventional, kind-hearted and generous. Although she was very fond of India she was in no way expansive or social in the usual acceptation of the term, and only enjoyed people who shared her views. For this reason those who know official life in India will realize she was hardly an ideal General's wife. Her husband indulged her in her real self—which is an indulgence. In native life her interests were with the Mohammedans, who had her sympathies. The accompanying photographs of Laurence Hope and her husband were taken about 1895 when the General was commanding the Mhow division. Enclosed is a photograph of the bungalow in Madras in which the Nicollsons spent their last days. The grave is in Madras.



Vivien Corrie has been very severely criticised for taking the honored name "Victoria Cross" for a pen name. It has been said in extenuation that the name was given her by her friends because of her initials, V. C., and when she was casting about her for a *nom de guerre* she took her pet name. This does not, however, excuse the bad taste of her choice—particularly bad when one considers the character of her novels. "Victoria Cross" has certain qualities which were shared by her sister, "Laurence Hope," but not her talent.



It was not long ago that Mr. W. L. Alden writing against complete editions quite won me over to his side, or rather convinced me that his side, which had long been my side, was the right one. Now some one else takes another side and argues so convincingly for it that I can see that there is something to say against incomplete editions. This writer argues that to have only the best of an author is like seeing a friend always on dress-parade. He likes to know that his favorite writer can be dull at times or even foolish, as this only proves that he is human. And again he asks, "Who shall say which of an author's books

is the best?" The answer to this question, it seems to me, is that one makes one's own choice. I care more for Thackeray than for any novelist living or dead, but there are some of his novels that I could not read if they were the only books within reach and I was alone on a desert island. My favorites I read and reread. Though I care more for Thackeray than for Dickens, there are more of Dickens's novels that I enjoy.



It was a happy thought upon the part of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. to select Mr. Bradford Torrey as editor of the Walden edition of the writings of Thoreau. Mr. Torrey is as much a lover of the woods and fields as was Thoreau. He writes not only with knowledge, but with charm. Few men could enter so thoroughly into the spirit of Thoreau. In this Walden edition Thoreau's journal will be published complete for the first time. When one remembers that Thoreau did his own housework and cultivated his own garden when living in the woods, one wonders how he had time to keep a journal which in manuscript occupies thirty-nine volumes of closely written blank-books, and is virtually the record of the observations and meditations of a lifetime. It is more than likely that he neglected his household duties for his literary work. If he had been a better cook and dishwasher our literature would have lost much that it could ill spare. Not only did Thoreau in this journal write of nature, but he wrote of men as well, and of music and friendship, and of many other things which his unique ideas illuminated. I am told that there is even more unpublished Thoreau material than is given in these diaries—reams of it.



Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and to Hold," has not been heard from for a long time. Although Miss Johnston has been writing for a number of years she has published comparatively few books, which shows a commendable reticence on the part



Photograph by Gessford

MISS CLARA CLEMENS

"Mark Twain's" daughter, who appeared on the concert stage last winter

of that lady, as she is eminently successful as a writer. Miss Johnston's new book will not be a novel; it will be a drama in five acts, based upon the French Revolution, and its title is "The Goddess of Reason." Miss Johnston cannot refer to the Goddess of Liberty, at least not as represented by the French, for if there was ever an unreasonable goddess it is she who incites communism. I wonder if Miss Johnston has been inspired by Mr. Hardy's departure from the pleasant paths of fiction to the rugged roads of the historic drama?



"Mark Twain," I am credibly informed, has reconsidered his determination not to build on the hilltop that he bought at Redding, Conn., and the people of that lovely country are again rejoicing that they are to have the most famous American man of letters as a neighbor and a citizen. Mr. Clemens, as has already been stated, bought this property without seeing it. I am not sure that he has seen it yet, but I believe some of the members of his family have. It is a good many miles from a lemon, but lemons are not as desirable today as they were in the days when this expression first came into use. Notwithstanding the fact that it is a farming country, and all the old houses are farmhouses and all the new ones of the Colonial type of architecture, Mr. Clemens is going to build an Italian villa on his hilltop, and ground has already been broken to that end. The site which he has chosen is the highest in the neighborhood, and commands magnificent views on every side. Another attraction is water, for quite near the house site there is a famous spring, said to be inexhaustible. His bathrooms will prove the truth of this reputation. The road up to the house is steep and strong, and on the top of the hill trees are scarce, but wide verandas will make up for that—a new thing in Italian villas, but almost indispensable in this climate. Miss Clara Clemens is said to have

selected the site and chosen the plans for her father's house.



I am told that Miss Elizabeth Robins's new novel is the best thing that she has done—the least morbid, the most human, the cleverest and the brightest in every way. Miss Robins, who is known to the stage as a clever interpreter of Ibsen, before she put her own name to her writings had made some success as "C. E. Raymond." The first story that bore her real name on the title-page was "The Open Question," a book about which various opinions were held. Then came "The Magnetic North," which was a remarkable performance, but too local to be popular, and "A Dark Lantern," a not very pleasant story. The new story has all the best qualities of Miss Robins's work and new ones added. Miss Robins, by the way, seems to have turned her back upon the stage altogether, for since she appeared with Mr. Alexander at the St. James Theatre in Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" she has not, I believe, been seen before the footlights. As every one knows, Miss Robins is an American, though she makes her home in England. Curiously enough, another Elizabeth Robins does the same thing. The latter is now Mrs. Joseph Pennell, but when she first began to write she was Elizabeth Robins. In private life the author of "The Open Question" is known as Mrs. Parkes. Her husband, an American actor, died several years ago. Like Mrs. Pennell, she lives in London.



I am glad to know that we are to have a new volume of poetry from Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. It has been a long time since we have had a volume of poems from Mr. Miller. When he first began to write songs of the Sierras he was among the most notable poets in America. Certainly nothing more racy than his poems, nothing more brilliant with the color of the West, has been writ-



AN ALLEGED PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

(See page 249)

ten. It is a good many years since his first volume appeared, and a good many years since he took London drawing-rooms by storm in his top-boots and red necktie. He and Swinburne were great friends at that time. They wore the same colored ties, and they went sightseeing together both in London and Paris. I met Mr. Miller when he stopped in New York on his return from London. He still wore the top-boots and the red tie,

and I was just young enough to think his dress as unstudied as it was picturesque. Now Mr. Miller's long yellow curls and tawny beard have become white and he has settled down to a quiet life in his cabin among the mountains of California. I believe that he has made a lot of money in gold mines recently, but he still lives the simple life of the poet who loves nature more than he loves money.

The announcement is made of a newly discovered portrait of Shakespeare. According to a London newspaper:

The discovery of what is supposed to be a portrait of Shakespeare at the Bridgewater Arms at Winston, a village near Darlington, has aroused great interest. The Misses Ludgate keep the Bridgewater Arms, and the picture came to them from the family of their mother, a Miss Smith, of Grafton Regis, Northamptonshire.

The portrait— $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches—is that of a young man with thick, dark, curly hair, and a slight moustache. He wears a crimson velvet doublet, slashed, and a collar of transparent lace. The inscription, "ae svae (aetatis sua) 24, 1588" (Shakespeare was 24 in that year), appears in white letters in the upper corners of the panel. On the back are the letters "W.Xs." The picture is stated to have been examined by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art*.

Mr. Spielmann at latest accounts had not publicly committed himself to a belief in the authenticity of the portrait.* I am not committing myself either, though I reproduce here-with a photograph of the picture. I am giving a reproduction of it.

22

There are theorists who tell you that books on the country should be read in the town, and books on the town read in the country. There is no rule as to one's time for reading. I have enjoyed Thoreau and Burroughs as much when sitting under the trees, with a country landscape spread out before me, as I have sitting by the fireside in town, with Union Square to look out upon. It is the mood, I should say, rather than the place, that gives books their special appropriateness. There are two circumstances in which I find reading hard even though the book be interesting: one is with a beautiful landscape—trees, meadows and distant mountains—spread out before me, and the other is when in bed. The landscape distracts my attention, and the other puts me to sleep. There

is no book written that can keep me awake when bedtime comes. The amusing Mr. Chesterton thinks that lying in bed would be an altogether perfect and supreme experience if only one had a colored pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling.

Mr. Chesterton, I may add, is a clever if whimsical draughtsman.

23

The Italian actor Ermete Novelli * was well worth bringing to this country. He is not Salvini, but he is a good actor—an interesting tragedian and an amusing comedian. Indeed there are times when he is an amusing tragedian. His Shylock is very funny at times and so is his Lear, but he has tragic moments in both of these rôles that will not soon be forgotten. It is, however, as a comedian that Italy acclaims him, and Italy is right.

24

Mr. William Vaughn Moody, the author of "The Great Divide," has been entreated to turn his play into a novel, but he stands firm. He will not consider the most tempting offers. To him his play is a play and nothing more. He may write a novel some day, but it will not be founded on any of his dramas. There is some talk of Mr. Moody writing a poetic drama, and this he could do better than most men. Mr. Moody, it will be remembered, was a poet before he was a dramatist, and he has written poetic dramas, but they were not intended for the stage. When he writes them for the stage, with the experience that he has had, we may expect something as good as, if not better than, has been done by any poet of these days. Mr. Moody expects to spend his summer abroad or in the wilds of Africa, I believe, with a brother-poet, Mr. Ridgely Torrence as his companion. "The Great Divide" will be given in London before long and will undoubtedly be a success. England likes us to be racy. We are to them all miners or bronco-busters,

* See page 221.

and they resent it when we are something else.



I must cross swords with Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne on the subject of Mrs. Wharton's novels. In describing this writer's style in the *Times Saturday Review*, I do not think that she is altogether just, though she evidently intends to be. She says:

Mrs. Wharton writes with a deliberate art, a satisfying finish. To be sure, she is wholly devoid of humor, but humor as an asset in the world amid which her creations move would be absolutely undesirable. These people must take each other and be taken with the utmost seriousness. One wholehearted laugh would melt their icicle existences entirely away. Is it possible to conceive of one of the men even in this world of Wharton as overcome by a mad impulse of laughter, a realization of the huge joke?

The people in the books may not laugh and Mrs. Wharton may have no humor, but she has wit in abundance. I could quote you many a description, many an aside, even in the tragic "House of Mirth," that would make you smile. You would not "guffaw," because it is only horse-play that makes you so far forget yourself, but I have found much amusement in Mrs. Wharton's keen and ready wit.



The late Alfred Hodder* was not known outside of New York, and even in this city his reputation had not extended outside a limited circle. But where he was known his name stood for the best.

Though only forty years of age and for the past three years of his life pursued by a relentless illness, he was a citizen who made himself felt though in a quiet way. There was nothing sensational in his methods. They were simple and direct. Since 1901, Mr. Hodder had been associated with Mr. Jerome in the strenuous work of which he gave some account in his best-known book, "The Fight for the City."

* See page 218

The Princess Troubetzkoy, better known to the reading public as Amélie Rives, has spent the past two or three winters in New York where her husband, an artist of talent, has been kept busy painting the portraits of the rich and great. This latest portrait of the Princess Troubetzkoy was taken only a few weeks ago in her apartment in this city. Of late years she has written dramatic poems of decided power but without the sensational quality of her fiction, and for this reason they have failed to attract the attention they deserve.



By the time that this paragraph appears in print the London *Academy* will have again changed hands. How many and how curious have been the changes of this weekly! I remember well when it was founded by the late Dr. Appleton, whose untimely death was no doubt caused by over-work. Then came one and another editor and one and another owner. Mr. John Morgan Richards was one of its most recent owners. He sold out to Sir George Newnes, who promised great things—none of which materialized. *The Academy* under Sir George was respectable but dull. Sir Edward Tennant is named at the present writing as the new owner, and there are hints that Lord Alfred Douglas will be the new editor. I shall be interested to see what happens to *The Academy* as I was on its staff as American correspondent, in its early days.

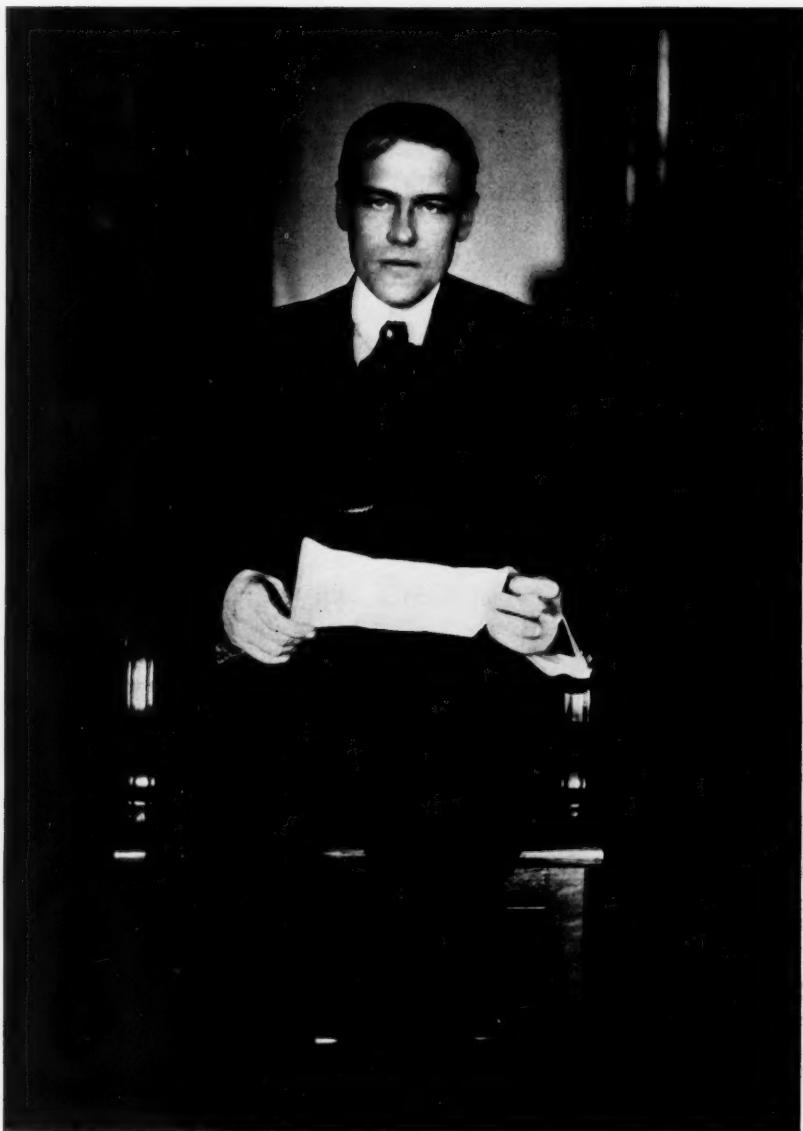


More ways than one are there of advertising one's literary wares. A new poet is advertised as "the extremely youthful," as though that were a sub-title to his name. As a matter of fact, however, the advertising of books and authors is a little less noisy than it was a few years ago. There are not only sensational ways of advertising authors but of selling books. There is a syndicate, of which you may perhaps have heard,



From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

AMÉLIE RIVES (PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY)



From a photograph by Van der Weyde.

THE LATE ALFRED HODDER

(See page 216)



From a photograph by Van der Weyde.

MISS CAROLYN WELLS

(See page 221)



PERCIVAL LOWELL

that goes to an author, offers him a higher price for his book than his regular publisher offers, and then puts it on sale in only one book-store in a given city, that store being the one that orders the most copies. Curiously enough, there is little or no call for these books—though they are by popular authors—in other stores than the one which has arranged with the syndicate to sell them. Mrs. Atherton's new book, "Rezanov," is published by this syndicate and is sold by only one book-store in New York. The book has been extensively advertised by this book-store, but the other book-sellers tell me that they have had virtually no call for it—one or two copies and that is all. Perhaps they

would not have had even one or two calls if it were not that Mrs. Atherton is so widely advertised at the present time. Mrs. Atherton, Miss Corelli and Hall Caine are wonderful advertisers, not in ordinary ways, but through ways of their own. They keep in the "public eye" as do no other writers, except possibly Mark Twain, whose white clothes in winter, Christian Science outbursts and other peculiarities, and the desire of the public to read about him, keep his name always to the front.



Now that so much attention is being attracted to Lafcadio Hearn, it is interesting to see this portrait of the man whose writings turned

his face to the East. Percival Lowell, author and astronomer, was born in Boston in 1855. After taking his degree at Harvard he lived in Japan from time to time until the Lowell Observatory was established in 1893. It was his book, "The Soul of the Far East," that was the turning-point in Hearn's career. With his taste and temperament it is not surprising that such a book should fill his mind with dreams and thrills. Hearn, to my thinking, has not touched the soul of the far East as Lowell has, and I find the latter a much more illuminating writer. Lowell's books on Japan are more than books about a country, for he saw with his astronomer's eyes into the depths of things.



Miss Carolyn Wells * is one of our most prolific authors. Miss Wells in authorship and Miss May Irwin on the stage do much to make us "cheer-

ful Americans." Living in the quiet town of Rahway, N. J., Miss Wells can collect her thoughts much easier and much more expeditiously than if she lived in this hustling, bustling town. Miss Wells is not averse to the pleasures of New York, and has certain days on which she makes the rounds of her publishers, for she has more than one, and exchanges ideas with her fellow-craftsmen. Occasionally she runs on to Boston, when she finds New York too frivolous, and she has even penetrated the literary circles of London and Paris. Miss Wells is now writing a novel all by herself, which will appear in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Some time ago she wrote a novel in conjunction with some one else, but this is to be all her own. Some day Miss Wells will write the "book" for a "musical comedy." She has not told me that she has any such idea, but a person who can turn out "topical verse" by the yard is bound to have it set to music sooner or later.



NOVELLI AS OTHELLO



NOVELLI AS CHARLEY'S AUNT

LITERATURE AND STATESMANSHIP

By EDWARD EVERETT

THE Hon. William Everett, son of the late Edward Everett, sometime Secretary of State, found among his father's papers, and has sent to *PUTNAM'S MONTHLY*, the following address on "Literature and Statesmanship." Accompanying the manuscript was a letter from the late Mr. G. P. Putnam, Secretary, inviting Mr. Everett to speak at a Literary Entertainment (known as the Fruit Festival) given by the Publishers' Association, in the Crystal Palace, on September 27, 1855. With the expectation of being able to be present, the distinguished orator prepared notes for his address, but did not write it out till he had been forced by circumstances to decline the invitation. Though nearly fifty-two years have passed since the address was written, it possesses, apart from its value as oratorical literature, continued interest in its reference to two matters which are still subject for discussion: the relations between authors and publishers, and the question of International Copyright, in behalf of which Mr. Everett was an earnest worker. It is interesting, by the way, to compare with his remarks on Literature and Statesmanship those in response to the same toast presented in the less formal after-dinner speech made in 1903 by the late Lord Goschen, and printed in *PUTNAM'S* for April.—THE EDITORS.



T is only in obedience to the paramount authority of the chair that any one would rise in reply to such a toast as that which you have just given. But you have called upon me by name, and in addition to your prerogative as master of the feast, I believe it is thought very good policy at all times for the authors to mind what the booksellers say. I certainly regard it as a very great honor to be called upon in a company like this, as a representative of the literature or the statesmanship of the country, and still more of both combined. But I believe the best way to sustain my pretensions in either capacity would be to imitate the example of the venerable clergyman on Connecticut River, who, when asked by a professional brother from a remote part of the country whether there was much evangelical piety in his parish, answered, "Not much to speak of."

I may, however, without presumption or indelicacy concur in the spirit of your remark that there is nothing incompatible between the cultivation of letters and the pursuits of public life; and this I may do with the less hesitation as, being retired from public life myself, I shall not be considered as pleading my own cause. I do not, of course, mean that if a man is engaged in literary labors which actually engross his time, as was the case, for instance, with Dr. Edmund Castell, who prepared a *lexicon polyglot* Bible, and who says that for eleven years he deemed that day a holiday when he did not toil sixteen or eighteen hours at his work, or with the great German critic Heyne, who when his barber in the morning told him it would take three and a half minutes to shave him drove him away, declaring it was "an age,"—I do not mean that a scholar of this stamp will have a great deal of time for the duties of public life—or, I may add, of private life either, in any reasonable acceptation of the purposes of existence. On the other hand, it can

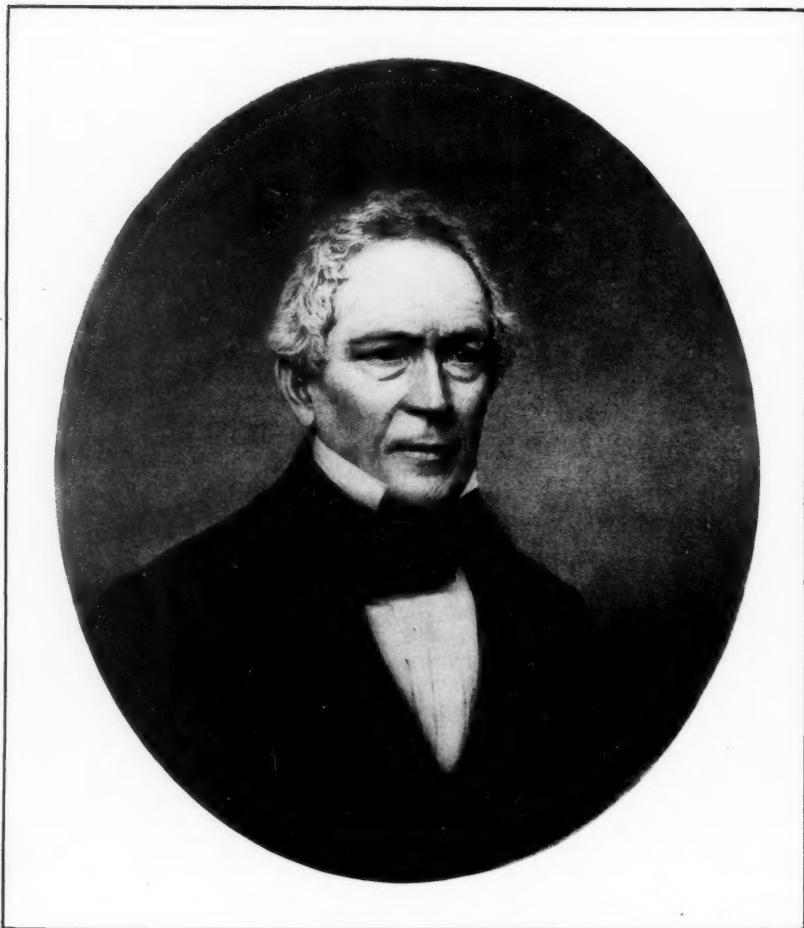
hardly be expected of a man absorbed in political life, who, after devoting his days to laborious official duties, goes home in the evening to a weary correspondence all over the country,—or who attends every political gathering within his reach,—or who passes his leisure hours in writing for the newspapers.—I say it can hardly be expected of such a man to acquire much reputation for scholarship. But, with these qualifications, experience shows that, reasonably understood, the two pursuits are not incompatible; and there are brilliant examples of distinguished eminence in both.

[Mr. Everett went into an extended enumeration, with comments, of statesmen who had also been distinguished in literature; or, if not writers themselves, devotedly fond of reading and study: Pericles, Alexander, Cicero, Cesar, in the classic, and Dante in mediæval days. He dwelt with great interest on the continental publicists, Grotius, De Thou, Lamoignon, and D'Aguesseau; and in English history on Bacon and Burke. Of our own statesmen he spoke of Washington, not a man of letters, but a diligent reader of a few good books; of Franklin, to whom he devoted several enthusiastic sentences; of John Adams, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Rutledge, Madison, Jay, and Rufus King—all men of literary attainment; Hamilton, DeWitt Clinton, Edward Livingston, Wirt, Pinkney, Randolph, Gallatin, and John Quincy Adams—"a walking dictionary, he knew everything and remembered everything"; Webster, Clay and Calhoun, Legaré of South Carolina, and Henry Wheaton.]

Delicacy will hardly allow me to enumerate the living; but I think you would blame me if I did not in this connection refer to your fellow-citizen—to our joint fellow-citizen—Mr. Bancroft, who has found time amidst the duties of the highest offices of State at home and abroad to compose, from original materials, his classical volumes on the history of the country. Not less unfaithful should I be to my theme if I passed

in silence the name of Irving. When, long years hence, the archives of Washington shall be explored, as he has explored those of Spain, it will be found that the same conscientious fidelity, the same quiet philosophy, the same pure English are contained in our friend's despatches, as envoy to Madrid, which have been exhibited by him in the History of Columbus and the Life of Washington. But a short time before his death, in Greece, Lord Byron, after bestowing the most enthusiastic praises on our friend's admirable piece "The Broken Heart," said, "I want to see America for five reasons." These were: "I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living Freedom; I want to get your Government to recognize the independence of Greece." And, at the head of the list, "I want to see Irving."

So far from being incompatible with each other, it seems to me that the cultivation of letters and the pursuit of affairs are, if wisely proportioned, mutually beneficial, each supplying to the other what it wants as an independent pursuit. The exclusive scholar is apt to degenerate into a Domine Sampson—a book-worm, a pedant, a dreamy theorist, a clown or a savage in manners. If he "outwatches the bear" in his midnight vigils, he is apt to outgrowl him in the daily intercourse with men. A little of the friction and collision of public life is well calculated to wear off this rust and to teach the necessity and exhibit the advantage of cultivating the social element in our natures. So, too, some actual acquaintance with the great relations of men in political communities throws light upon the pages of history and the speculations of moralists, and enables us to read everything but works of pure science with superior intelligence and interest. On the other hand, there are few departments of public life whose duties will not be performed to greater advantage with some degree of literary culture. Paradoxical as the remark may sound



EDWARD EVERETT

at the present day, it is in my judgment beyond question that the duties of the highest offices of state at home and abroad would at all times be discharged more efficiently, and with greater credit to the incumbent and the country, when filled by a person of literary culture; and especially by one acquainted with history, public law, and the approved writers on ethics, than by one unacquainted with them.

Especially important to the public man is the knowledge of history.

Man is the same substantially in all ages: the probable future is foreshadowed in the certain past. History is said to be philosophy teaching by example. It is prophecy inspired by experience. Many a valuable lesson can be deduced by the American statesman of the present day from the history of liberty—its struggles, its triumphs, its decline—in Greece, in Rome and in Italy. I am not, indeed, of those who believe that the fortunes of our race necessarily revolve in cycles; that because

the states of antiquity rose, and flourished, and fell, that therefore all other states must pass through the same vicissitudes. I rather believe in the possibility of a steady growth; a progress of improvement from age to age, with occasional backslidings and pauses, but upon the whole with an ever onward march. Especially in our own country, notwithstanding the lowering aspect of the times, I still cling to the hope, under Providence, of an auspicious future. This happy consummation, however, is to be brought about, if at all, by judiciously applying the experience of ages to our own guidance. If we would avoid the fate, we must avoid the errors of other states. We must heed the instruction of those immortal writings where the events of a generation are condensed into a volume; where causes and effects are chained side by side; where national punishment stands in grim contiguity with national crime; where the shams and delusions of the hour disappear, and the stern, unflattering reality stares us in the face.

But you will think that I forget that this is a company of publishers and booksellers as well as of authors; and that the occasion invites us to consider the interests of literature in immediate connection with the manufacture and distribution of books—unquestionably one of the most important branches of industry in a civilized community, and, I will add, one of its highest interests. Few persons, I believe, are aware of its extent, of the amount of capital employed—and almost the whole of it the growth of the last fifty years; for before the commencement of this century the number of books printed in the United States was small, the number written still smaller.

On the economical aspect of the subject I forbear to dwell. It has been sufficiently enlarged upon by my friend Mr. Putnam; it must be familiar to most of the company.

Rather let me, while speaking on the importance of this branch of in-

dustry, pay a tribute to the memory of a friend to whom New England—may I not add, the whole country?—is indebted for as large a share in bringing about this extension of the bookselling and publishing business as could well belong to an individual. I allude, of course, to the late Mr. James Brown of Boston, whom I knew from the very commencement of his career, and who united all the qualities which belong to a thorough man of business, a lover and a judge of books and the fine arts, a good citizen, a warm friend, a sincere Christian. With him the occupation of a printer and bookseller was more than a branch of business—it was a liberal profession. He saw in the growing demand for good books an indication of the advancing taste of the community. Few persons were better judges, not merely of their commercial, but of their literary value. Success and wealth crowned his useful career, and became in his hands the means of promoting every object of public utility and ministering with a liberal hand to every call of benevolence. Within the circle of my acquaintance I have never known a person who better filled his place in society. His name is well worthy to be written with the eminent members of your profession in other countries, the Bodonis, the Didots, the Cottas, the Tauchnitzes, the Longmans, the Bentleys and the Murrays—and others, deceased and living, at home and abroad, who have raised your pursuit to the rank of a liberal calling.

Allow me for a moment to allude to the subject of international copyright. I am aware that this is a question on which the publishing interest of this country is divided in judgment. As there are no doubt gentlemen at the table who entertain opposite opinions, and the occasion is not one for discussions, still less for controversy, I should do wrong to introduce a matter of dispute while availing myself of the opportunity of addressing the company which your courtesy affords me.

Inasmuch, however, as a convention was negotiated by me, two or three years ago, with the British Minister, providing for international copyright between this country and England, and that measure was warmly objected to as threatening nothing less than ruin to every branch of industry connected with book-making, I should like to make one or two explanatory remarks. So dangerous was the measure accounted, not merely to the printer and publisher, but to the type-founder and paper-maker, that signatures to memorials against the convention were actively procured, not merely from those whose capital was invested in publishing, but from journeymen apprentices and shop-boys, as if everything connected with the art of printing in this country was to be annihilated by this unhappy convention. Now, if I were chargeable with having put my hand to an instrument calculated to produce this effect, I should be out of place as a guest at such an entertainment as this.

But I did not believe that the measure would, if carried into effect, produce an appreciable diminution of the printing business of the United States. For it left untouched, of course, our whole native literature; the entire department of American books, periodicals, and newspapers. Secondly, it left untouched the great mass of the standard literature of England, all the great masters of the language of other times—everything, in short, but the writers of the present generation who are entitled to copyright; and even they, by an amendment of the convention proposed by me in the Senate, were obliged to print their works in this country in order to obtain the benefit of copyright in the United States; so that the only injury that could have resulted to the printing and publishing interest in this country would have been a falling-off in the demand for a few popular works, caused by the enhancement of price, consequent upon their being copyrighted. Surely a very inconsiderable item, an in-

finitesimal fraction in the grand account of the printing business of the United States.

I made a rough calculation that if every English book entitled to copyright under the convention should, in consequence of that convention, be printed in England for the American market, what we should lose in the printing, paper-making, type-founding, and press-manufacturing business would not be the equivalent to the employment given to those various branches of industry by one of the New York daily papers of the widest circulation. The elements of the calculation were this: A paper whose entire circulation, daily, semi-weekly and weekly, is equal to 50,000 daily papers—and I am told there are such in New York—is equivalent in the course of the year to 500,000 duodecimo volumes of the usual size. Now it may well be doubted whether, of English works that would be copyrighted, there are printed at present annually half a million duodecimo volumes; and if not, then one newspaper, with a circulation in the aggregate of fifty thousand numbers daily, affords to every branch of the printing business (with the exception of that of book-binding) more employment than is afforded to it by the entire reprint of the English works which would be affected by a copyright system between the two countries, even if the printing were not required to be done where the edition is protected. If this, or anything approaching to it, be true, it is plain that the great alarm which was raised eighteen months ago, as to the ruinous effect of the measure in question on the printing business in the United States, was wholly gratuitous.

One other consideration I will venture to offer by way of vindicating the policy of that convention. Although at present the number of English books printed in America is greater than that of American books printed in England, and therefore the benefits of such a convention might seem to be more with English than American authors, yet the time

is fast approaching, and is I believe near at hand, when this inequality will cease to exist—when the number of American books read in England will equal the number of English books read in America and a copyright convention will be found as much for the interest of our Irvings, Prescotts, Bancrofts, Longfellows, Hawthornes, and so many others whom I have not time to name, as for that of the Hallams, the Tennysons, the Thackerays, the Bulwers and above all the Macaulays.

But it is not without impatience that I enter into details of this kind before an audience like this, containing so much which is well calculated to lead the mind to the most enlarged, elevated, and refined views of the subject. If the dignity of a pursuit is measured by the materials with which it deals, the ends which it accomplishes, and the place which it fills in the social and intellectual system, you may well be proud of your calling. It is indeed a liberal one. You furnish the means of communication, as far as the more elaborate forms of thought and inquiry extend, between mind and mind; the mind of one country and the mind of other countries; the mind of one age and the mind of succeeding ages. Including the daily journal and the periodical under the generic name of books—and it may well be done, for a paper of eight pages, printed as books are printed, would make a volume of 150 pages—it may be affirmed that it is mainly through the medium of books that the intellectual unity and continuity of the race is sustained. Does a man desire to sound the depths or tread the mazy pathways of the material universe, you introduce him not only to the safest and most skilful living guides, but to Ptolemy and Copernicus, to Kepler and Newton, to La Place and Bowditch. Does he wish to trace the fortunes of humanity in ancient or modern times, you put him to the school of the great masters best able to teach the lesson—to Herodotus and Thucy-

dides, to Livy and Tacitus (whose lost books would not have perished if they had got into your hands), and to the illustrious historians who have caught their mantle in modern times, of whom more than our proportion are of the United States—their works ushered to the world by gentlemen at this table. Or does he give himself to the culture of the imagination and the taste, there is not a poet from “the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle” to the latest votary of the Muse, to whom you do not present him. Long ages may have elapsed since they existed in the flesh, oceans may roll between their native lands and ours, but your noble art literally in this respect annihilates time and space; not only reviews and perpetuates, but multiplies the existence of poets and sages and orators and historians; and seats by the table of every student in every country a Homer and a Virgil, a Dante and a Tasso, a Shakespeare and a Milton, a Corneille and a Racine; and happy they who have heard the great masters of the French drama interpreted, as we have, by a genius kindred with their own.

For myself, I never contemplate a book, tracing it through the successive stages of the spoken, written and printed word, without admiration—I may say, without awe. A wise, good book, destined to live for ages after the hand that penned it has mouldered to dust, is, all things considered, “the consummate flower” of the human intellect. Reflect a moment on its origin and progress. First, this gift of speech, which by means of a few slight vocal impulses upon the ambient air conveys the nicest shades of thought, the most delicate pulses of feeling, from soul to soul, and in a moment, with a breath, establishes a sympathetic communication between the hundreds and thousands of a vast assembly. But this is but the beginning of the wondrous process. The second step is the mysterious alliance of the written and the spoken sign. Do you bear in mind that this poor

A, B, C, which we teach to lisping infancy—these twenty-four simple marks on the blank paper, hardly distinguishable from each other by one who has not learned their significance,—enable me to transfer the symbols of thought from the ear to the eye, from the invisible air to the tangible page, from the dying sound which melts into silence as it drops from the lips, to a duration which shall outlast the pyramids? Here the skill of antiquity paused. Beyond this neither the wisdom of Egypt, the art of Greece, nor the power and wealth of Rome could travel. But, vast as it is, how little is it compared with what is accomplished in the third stage of the process by the all-powerful Press—the chosen instrument of Providence, in these latter days, to diffuse throughout the globe the blessings of Christianity, of civilization, of knowledge and of liberty, and thus to bring about the renovation of the world. It is your prerogative, gentlemen, to wield this mighty instrument, by which lifeless bars of wood and iron levers, screws, wheels and joints—strangely driven by mechanic force in retired attics or dingy basements, situated in remote streets—not only become the all-but-inspired messengers of science, letters, and arts to all mankind, but call up from the dust the departed learned and wise of all ages. Yes, gentlemen, yours is the true *spiritual manifestation*: when the Press raps in earnest, somebody has got to come.

You *can* call spirits from the vasty deep
And they will come, when *you* do call for
them.

They will come in the authentic manifestation of their works, their whole being condensed into their writings, their wit embalmed, their eloquence crystallized—all stamped with perpetuity by your art. They will come in the radiance of their intellectual existence, without the imperfections, infirmities, and sorrows of their mortal life. At the bidding

of the Press, Socrates will come, without his bowl of hemlock, in the divine pages of Plato; Tully without the dagger of Catiline or the firebrand of Clodius; Tasso released from his fetters and his cell; Milton, no longer poor and blind and persecuted, but “in the high season of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him”; and imperial Shakespeare, redeemed from the “public means” and “public manners,” by which his

nature was subdued

To what it wrought in, like the dyer's hand, comes forth, at your call, transfigured into the serene and peerless glory of his intellectual supremacy.

Finally, gentlemen, the Press, of which you for the time being are the controllers, is the great bulwark under Providence of the civilization of the world. A large majority of the works of Grecian and Roman literature perished after the inroads of the barbarians, under the labor and cost of manuscript transmission. The preservation of some of the masterpieces of the human mind depended for centuries on the fate of a single written copy; but if all the hosts of Vandalism in the depths of Asia were to pour in one new avalanche upon the civilized world, they could not cause the disappearance of one volume—no, not of one page—which the Press of Europe and America had consigned to posterity. Pestilence may waste populous regions as it has wasted the plains of Tuscany; the vicissitudes of empire and trade may reduce mighty cities to decay, as they have reduced Carthage and Tyre; superstition and bigotry may poison the heart of great kingdoms as they have of Spain; arbitrary government may weigh down the energies and paralyze the powers of noble races as they have in half the states of Europe; but so long as the art of printing exists, civilization is secure. It may be driven from one country, but it will flourish in another; and though the living may be awed to silence, the mighty dead will speak.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells
With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer



HE trip from Liverpool to London I found to be a green glimpse of England in the shape of a biograph. But the word *green*, as we say it in our haste, is utterly inadequate to apply to the color of the English landscape. Though of varying shades, it is always green to the n^{th} power; it is a saturated solution of green; it is a green that sinks into the eye with a sensation of indelibility. And as this green flew by me, I watched it from the window of a car most disappointingly like our own Pullmans.

I had hoped for the humorous absurdities of the compartmented English trains. I had almost expected to see sitting opposite me a gentleman dressed in white paper, and I involuntarily watched for a guard who should look at me through

a telescope, and say "You're travelling the wrong way."

For my most definite impressions of English railway carriages had been gained from my "*Alice*," and I was annoyed to find myself booked for a large arm-chair seat in a parlor car, with my luggage checked to its London destination on "the American plan!"

What, pray, was the use of coming abroad, if one was to have all the comforts of home?

As if to add to the unsatisfactoriness of my first impressions of English travel, I found myself sitting opposite a young American woman.

We faced each other across a small table, covered with what seemed to be green baize, but was more likely the reflection of the insistent landscape.

The lady was one of those hopeless, helpless, newly rich, that affect so strongly the standing of Americans in Europe.

She was blatantly pretty, and began to talk at once, apparently quite oblivious of the self-evident fact that I wanted to absorb in silence that flying green, to which her own nature was evidently quite impervious.

"Your first trip?" she said, though I never knew how she guessed it. "My! it must be quite an event in your life. Now it's only an incident in mine."

"You come often, then?" said I, not specially interested.

"Yes; that is, we shall come every summer now. You see, he made a lot of money in copper,—that's my husband over there, the one with the plaid travelling cap,—so we can travel as much as we like. We've planned a long trip for this year, and we've got to hustle, I can tell you. I'm awfully systematic. I've bought all the Baedekers, and this year I'm going to see everything that's marked with a double star. You know those are the 'sights which should on no account be omitted.' Then next year we'll do up the single stars, and after that we can take things more leisurely."

"You've never been over before, then?" I observed.

"No," she admitted, a little reluctantly; "I went to California last year. I think Americans ought to see their own country first."

I could n't help wishing she had chosen this year for her California trip, but the accumulation of green vision had somehow magicked me into a mood of cooing amiability, and I good-naturedly assisted her to prattle on, by offering an encouraging word now and then.

"He's so good to me," she said, nodding toward her husband. "He says he welcomes the coming and speeds the parting dollar. Isn't that

cute? He's an awfully witty man."

She described the home he had just built for her in Chicago, and it seemed to be a sort of Liberal Arts Building set in the last scene of a comic opera.

For a moment, I left the green to itself, while I looked at my unrefractive countrywoman with an emotion evenly divided between pity and envy. For had she not reached the ultimate happiness, the apotheosis of

content only possible to the wealthy Nitro-Bromide? And what was I that I should deprecate such soul-filling satisfaction? And why should my carpings analysis dub it ignorance? Why, indeed!

After a few more green miles, an important-mannered guard, who proved to be also guide, philosopher, and friend, piloted me to a dining-car which might have been a part of the rolling-stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Nothing about it suggested the anticipated English discomfort, unless it might be the racks for the glasses, which, after all, relieved one of certain vague apprehensions.

But at dinner it was my good luck to sit in a quartet, the other three members of which were typical English people.

I suppose it is a sort of reflex nervous action that makes people who eat together chummy at once. The fact of doing the same thing at the same time creates an involuntary sympathy which expands with the effects of physical refreshment.

I patted myself on my mental shoulder as I looked at the three pleasant English faces, and I suddenly became aware that, though of a different color, they affected me with exactly the same sensation as the clean, green English scenery.



THE ONE WITH THE PLAID TRAVELLING-CAP.

This, I conclude, was because English people are so essentially a part of their landscape, a statement true of no Americans save the aboriginal Indian tribes.

My tablemates were a perfect specimen of the British matron, her husband and her daughter. I should describe them as well-bred, but that term seems to imply an effect of acquisition by means of outside influences. They were, rather, well-born, in a sense that implies congenital good-breeding.

Their name was Travers, and we slid into conversation as easily as a launching ship slides down into the water. Naturally I asked them to tell me of London, explaining that it was my first visit there, and I wished to know how to manage it.

"What London do you want to use?" asked Mr. Travers, interestedly. "You know there are many Londons for the entertainment of visitors. We can give you the Bædeker London, or Dickens's London, or Stevenson's London, or Bernard Shaw's London, or Whistler's London——"

"Or our own W. D. Howells's London," I finished, as he paused in his catalogue.

"I think," I went on, "the London I want is a composite affair, and I shall compile it as I go along. You know Browning says 'The world is made for each of us,' and so I think there 's a London made for each of us, and we have only to pick it out from among the myriad others."

"That 's quite true," said Mrs. Travers. "You 'll be using, do you see, many bits of those Londons

mentioned, but combining them in such a way as to make an individual London all your own."

The prospect delighted me, and I mentally resolved to build up such

a London as never was on land or sea.

"But," I observed, "aside from an individually theorized London, there must be a practical side that is an inevitable accompaniment. There must be facts as well as opinions. I should be most glad of any hints or advices from experienced and kind-hearted Londoners."

"Without doubt," said Mr. Travers, "the question trembling on the tip of your tongue is the one that trembles on the tip of every American tongue that lands on our shores—'What fee shall I give a cabman?'"

I laughed outright at this, for it was indeed one of my collection of tongue-tipped questions.

"But, sadly enough," went on the Englishman, "it is a question that it is useless for me to answer you at present. An American must be in London for four years before he can believe the true solution of the cab-fee problem. The correct procedure is to give the cabby nothing beyond his legal fare. If you give him tuppence, he looks at you reproachfully; if you give him fourpence, he scowls at you fearfully; if you give him sixpence, he treats you to his verbal opinion of you in choice Billingsgate. Whereas, if you give him no gratuity, he assumes that you have lived here for four years, and lifts his hat to you with the greatest respect."



HE TREATS YOU TO HIS OPINION OF YOU
IN CHOICE BILLINGSGATE.

"Why can't I follow your rule at once?" I demanded.

"I do not know," returned Mr. Travers. "Nobody knows; but the fact remains that you cannot. You think you believe the theory now, because you hear me set it forth with an air of authority; but it will take you at least four years to attain a true working knowledge of it. Moreover, you will ask every Englishman you meet, regarding cab-fees, and so conflicting will be their advices that you will change your tactics with every hansom you ride in."

"Then," said I, with an air of independence, "I 'WHAT WAGGERY!' OBSERVED MRS. TRAVERS. shall keep out of hansom-cabs, until I am fully determined what course to pursue in this regard."

"But you can't, my dear lady," continued my instructor. "To be in London is to be in a hansom. They are inevitable."

"Why not omnibuses?" I asked, eager for general information. "I have long wanted to ride in or on a London 'bus."

Mr. Travers's eyes twinkled.

"You have an American joke," he said, "which cautions people against going into the water before they learn how to swim. I will give you an infallible rule for 'buses: never get on a London 'bus until you have learned to get on and off of them while they are in motion."

"What wagery!" observed Mrs. Travers, in a calm, unamused tone, and I suddenly realized that I was in the midst of an English sense of humor.

The dinner progressed methodically through a series of specified courses, and when we had reached

the vegetable marrow, I had ceased to regard the green distance outside, and gave my full attention to my lucky find of the Real Thing in English people.

Mr. Travers's advice was always excellent and practical, though usually hidden in a jest of somewhat heavy *persiflage*.

We discussed the English tendency to slide letters or syllables from their proper names, falling back on the time-worn example of the American who complained that Englishmen spell a name B-e-a-u-c-h-a-m-p and pronounce it *Chumley*.

"But it's better said Mr. Travers,

"to pronounce a name as it is spelled than to elide at his own sweet will. I met a Chicagoan last summer, who said he intended to run out to Win'c'sle."

"What did he mean?" I asked, in my ignorance.

"Windsor Castle," replied Mr. Travers, gravely.

The mention of Chicago made me remember my companion in the parlor car, and I spoke of her as one type of the American tourist.

"I saw her," said Mrs. Travers, with that inimitable air of separateness that belongs to the true Londoner; "she is not interesting. Merely a smart party who wears a hat."

As this so competently described the lady from Chicago, I began to suspect, what I later came thoroughly to realize, that the English are wonderfully adept in the making of picturesque phrases.

During our animated conversation, Miss Travers had said almost nothing.

I had read of the mental blank-



ness of the British Young Person, and was not altogether surprised at this.

But the girl was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked, red-lipped variety immortalized in English novels, she was of a delicate build, with a face of transparent whiteness. Her soft light brown hair was carelessly arranged, and her violet eyes would have been pathetic but for a flashing, merry twinkle when she occasionally raised their heavy, creamy lids.

Remembering Mrs. Travers's aptness in coining phrases of description, I tried to put Rosalind Travers into a few words, but was obliged to borrow from the Master-Coiner, and I called her "The Person of Moonshine."

By the time I was having my first interview with real Cheshire cheese, the Travresses were inviting me to visit them, and I was gladly accepting their delightfully hospitable and unmistakably sincere invitation.

Scrupulously careful to bid goodbye to my Chicago friend before we reached London, alone I stepped from the train at Euston Station with a feeling of infinite anticipation.

Owing probably to an over-excited imagination, the mere physical atmosphere of the city impressed me as something quite different from any city I had ever seen. I felt as if I had at last come into my own, and had far more the attitude of a returning wanderer than a visiting stranger.

The hansom-cabs did not appear any different from the New York

vehicles of the same name, but I climbed into one without that vague wonder as to whether it would n't be cheaper to buy the outfit than to pay my fare.

My destination was a club in Piccadilly—a woman's club, which I had joined for the sole purpose of using its house as an abiding place.

The cab-driver was cordial, even solicitous about my comfort, but finally myself and my hand-luggage were carefully stowed away, the glass was put down, and we started.

It was after dark, and it was raining, two conditions which might appall an unescorted woman in a strange city. The rain was of that ridiculous English sort, where the

drops do not fall, but play around in the air, now and then whisking into the faces of passers-by, but never spoiling their clothes. It was enough, though, to wet the asphalt, and when we swung into Piccadilly, and the flashing lights from everywhere dived down into the street, and rippled themselves across the wet blackness of the pavement, I suddenly realized that I was driving over one of the most beautiful things in the world.

I looked out through my hansom-glass darkly, at London. Unknown, mysterious, silent; but enticing with its twinkling eyes, it was like a masked beauty at a ball. Yet, beneath that mocking, elusive witchery, I was conscious of an implied promise, that my London would yet unmask, and I should know and love her face to face.



MERELY A SMART PARTY WHO WEARS A HAT.

THE DECADENCE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By HERBERT PAUL



DO not wish to set up for a purist. The object of style is to express thought, or to conceal it, as the case may be, not to illustrate the rules of grammar. Sir George Trevelyan once told me that he remembered Macaulay, a precisian in words, laughing over a modern commentary on an ancient text which alleged that Æschylus had violated Dawes's canon. It would be difficult to find a canon which Shakespeare had not violated, and yet, to say nothing of his more transcendent merits, he drowns all errors in the flood of his illimitable vocabulary. Nor am I so futile and pedantic as to wage war against slang. But its proper place is surely private conversation. When one finds in the leading columns of a great newspaper, which used to be a fountain of classical English, such phrases as "queering the pitch," or "a bad reason at that," one may be forgiven a passing qualm.

And yet slang, after all, deceives no one. There is no false pretence about it. It stands for what it is. The danger to our grand old tongue springs from a very different source. That source, in a single word, is slovenliness. We are all too apt to think, for instance, that any epithet of praise will do for what we like, and any epithet of condemnation for what we hate. Sometimes legend is pressed into the service, as when a gloomy prophet is sarcastically likened, as if that disposed of him, to Cassandra, whose predictions, however unpalatable, always came true.

Sometimes a learned language is distorted for this purpose, as when the defence of *non possumus* is set aside with a sneer, though it is the best of all defences, for "Don Fernando can't do more than he can do."

Here, perhaps, I may be allowed a digression upon foreign terms. Why do we need them? No language is larger, richer, more various than the English. With a little trouble every idea can be expressed in it. Yet how often do we see Latin or French quite needlessly employed by Englishmen writing for English readers? A provisional agreement becomes a *modus vivendi*, a board chosen for a special purpose is stigmatized as an *ad hoc* body, a deadlock is an *impasse*, and a blind alley is a *cul-de-sac*. These polyglot authors, if they would only believe it, show not so much acquaintance with other languages as ignorance of their own.

One need not be a professional etymologist to feel in the marrow of one's bones that words have meanings which it is fatal to disregard. "Sustain" in the sense of "suffer" is, I suppose, past praying for, or rather praying against, though to sustain an irreparable loss is perilously like nonsense. Even John Bright, whose English was usually as beautiful as it was simple, has been known to say "transpire" when he meant "happen." This may appear a harmless, venial fault. But it is capable, like man's wants, of indefinite expansion; and I have read a paragraph about a political meeting which informed the world that, "as the proceedings were private, little

was known of what transpired." As "transpire" means "leak out," obviously nothing could transpire without at the same time and in the same way becoming known. Some philosophical history is curious to trace. How, for example, did "phænomenal" come to be tortured into a synonym for "extraordinary"? To take a technical word from the philosophical dictionary, and scatter it, as with a pepper-castor, over the columns of a daily paper, looks like wanton pedantry. The true significance of "phænomenal," from which the diphthong often drops out, is "manifest to the senses," as opposed to the noumenal, "discernible by the mind." I conjecture that Dickens's "infant phenomenon" is accountable for the perversion. Dickens is so great a writer that it would be almost impious to dwell upon his "mutual friend," and similar bits of carelessness. On the other hand, the imitators of Dickens have much to answer for, and cannot plead his genius on their own behalf. They are like the orator who prepared a speech on the model of Burke, and resembled him only in exclaiming with grotesque irrelevance, "Good God, Mr. Speaker!"

A newspaper printed in monosyllables is Utopian; but the *lues polysyllabica* is a curse of modern journalism. Of course I do not mean all journalism. There may still be found in England, as well as in the United States, articles written in the style of scholars when they talk, the style of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, or the *Saturday Review*, or the American *Nation*. I remember an amusing case in which the *Pall Mall*—Mr. Greenwood's *Pall Mall*—parodied the descriptive reporter's passion for decorative concealment of the plain truth. The prorogation of Parliament is not a very imposing performance, and, though it occurs in the House of Lords, few are the Peers who attend it. The writer for the *Pall Mall* sketched the scene, and proceeded: "Suddenly Lord Redesdale exclaimed 'Now then, prayers,' and immediately assumed a devotional attitude."

(Lord Redesdale was the Chairman of Committees, acting for the Lord Chancellor.) There is a touch of genius about the absurd simile for "knelt," because it is just one step beyond the fancy of that great author, Pennialinus. Of course the doctrine of the mean is always true, and there are extremes on both sides. There are Anglo-Saxon fanatics, who would cast out from our composite language all Latinized words, and one of these ingenious gentlemen wished to substitute for the impenetrability of matter the "unthoroughfaresomeness of stuff." The particular kind of fine writing which goes by the cant name of journalese may claim a Johnsonian origin, though it has sadly perverted Dr. Johnson's designs. Of Johnson himself it may be said that, while his influence upon literature was not always wholesome, and while he was accountable for some monstrous extravagances of speech, such as those which disfigure the later novels of Fanny Burney (*Madame d'Arblay*), he wrote the best English in early life, and spoke it to the day of his death. The "Lives of the Poets," for example, is a standard classic. His own "Tour through the Hebrides," not to be confounded with Boswell's narrative of the same event, is very much otherwise. He sometimes corrupted his own style even in society. Thus, of Buckingham's or Sprat's "Rehearsal," he said, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Then, after a pause, he added, "It has not sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction."

When I first wrote for the *Daily News*, the accomplished editor, Mr. Frank Hill, kept, like the Pope, an *Index Prohibitorius*—a list of forbidden phrases. It had a most salutary effect upon the style of his contributors. Such solecisms as "it goes without saying" were tabooed. *Cela va sans dire* is a neat French idiom. The literal English translation of the formula has no meaning, for the simple reason that idioms must be modified, and cannot be transferred as they are. While science

is always the same, and has nothing to do with the accidents of time or place, language is essentially idiomatic, and therefore all foreign analogies are bound to mislead. A little study of Thackeray is worth a treatise on this subject. The English of M. de Florac, the French of Arthur Pendennis, bring home, as no grammatical homily could, the ludicrous results of drawing inferences from French to English, or from English to French. Unhappily the lesson is not always heeded. Gallicisms are not, of course, wholly novel. Horace Walpole's letters are stuffed with them. They are the one blot upon the splendid, majestic style of Gibbon. But in contemporary journalism they are so common as to give the impression that the English must be a poor tongue. What a strange fallacy! Count the number of words in Shakespeare—if you can,—and then argue that English is defective—if you dare. Nothing is for an Englishman untranslatable, though some things may be difficult to translate, such as the letters of Voltaire, or the novels of M. Anatole France. Whether the same can be said of a Frenchman it would be arrogant to pronounce. We all know the famous rendering of Hamlet's "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us;" "O mon dieu, qu'est ce que c'est que cela?" To which may be appended the witty remark that the Duke of Wellington produced a fine specimen of "nervous English" whenever he wrote a letter in French. I have seen an English translation of a French novel in which the word *grillage* was reproduced as if it had been the same in both tongues; and Parliamentary reporters almost invariably call the grating in front of the Ladies' Gallery the Grille. *Canaille* is often used as if it were English, though Cobbett suggested two equivalents when he asked how the masses could be both the scum and the dregs of the people. What needs to be cultivated, at least on this side of the Atlantic, is a feeling of reverence for our own tongue,

such as the French, though not an especially reverent people, have for theirs.

For this they are largely indebted to Cardinal Richelieu. The Academy, which he founded, has been the object of much satire as the patron of mediocrity. There is, as Horace says, a golden mediocrity, and Richelieu's foundation has at least established a standard which we are without, in spite of Lord Reay. When it was proposed to make the novelist Cherbuliez an Academician, somebody protested that he was not a Frenchman, but a Swiss. The reply was prompt: "There are so many Frenchmen in the Academy who write Swiss, it is quite time we had a Swiss who writes French." The feeling thus shown, the feeling which a Frenchman has for Racine or for Pascal, is not common in England. British patriotism does not take that form. An Englishman will do anything for his country, but very little for his language. Even Matthew Arnold, who, despite tricks and repetitions, wrote it with ease, power, grace and charm, made merciless fun of the proposal, since in a measure carried out, to set up an English Academy. Everything, he said, would go smoothly for a time. Then the *Daily Telegraph* would let its young lions loose, there would be a flight of Corinthian articles and an irruption of George Augustus Sala. The late Mr. Sala was an imitator of Dickens, and one of the most popular journalists who ever lived. But his method had not that repose which stamps the caste of Swift and Gray. He was not, like Dickens, a classic, and classics often, unlike Dickens, wait for their popularity until they are dead. Dean Swift, the master of simple strength, devoted the one treatise which he published in his own name to the support of an English Academy. But it would not be enough to form an Academy. It would also be necessary to imbue the practical Briton with a respect for style as such. At present his governing idea on the subject is that

an author should say what he means in words which plain people can understand. He may "go for" his opponents, he may "rub it into them," he may "put his finger on the point," he may revel in every kind of stock clumsiness or awkwardness, provided only that he be intelligible to the multitude. He ought to be intelligible, of course. Indeed, he must be. Those who write to please must please to live. Clearness is necessary. It is not sufficient. "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

Every English author should be steeped in the Bible and Shakespeare. On the other hand, it might be plausibly suggested that much injury has been done to modern English by our hymns. The familiar collection known as "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which may be said to dominate the Church of England, comprises some true and noble poetry. On the other hand, it contains a lot of doggerel which would only be tolerated in public worship, and jars with the noble Book of Common Prayer that it is allowed to disfigure. Take, for a fine confusion of metaphors, a single stanza:

Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem:
The root, whence mercy ever flows,
The babe of Bethlehem.

Fancy this gibberish bound up in the same volume with the Old Hundredth, and "O God, our help in ages past," and "Praise to the Holiest in the height." We pride ourselves on being a far more devout and pious people than the French, and yet the French would not think that too much pains could be bestowed upon the outpouring of the human soul in praise or prayer. I once asked a brilliant speaker, not a professional man of letters, how he came by so large a vocabulary without being a great reader. His reply struck me very much. "I am fond of the English language," he said, "and read dictionaries." I wish, for their own sakes, that more journalists did

the same. It would deliver them from the need of having frequent recourse to familiar formulas and juxtapositions, of which every one is heartily sick. It would teach them that a "publicist" is not one of their own craft, but a writer on international law. They would learn that every word has its own significance, and is not merely a conventional sign. An important newspaper once seriously announced that an eminent judge had "literally died in harness." This is not only nonsense, for observe that the reporter says the exact opposite of what he means. He uses "literally" in the sense of "metaphorically," and the decadence of language cannot well go farther than that. Or consider the astounding fate of the word Platonic, now often printed with a small "p." A Platonic attachment was a friendship without passion, but otherwise of the most intense and glowing kind. Therefore anything unreal, from a speech by the German Emperor to the resolution of a local census, may be called Platonic. Why not Aristotelian? It would not be more ridiculous, and it would look more learned. If one tried to convince a practical politician that a "non-tariff State" was bad English for a State without a tariff, he would be laughed at as a bookworm. And yet good English has a charm for the ear and eye which is felt by thousands who could not analyze or explain the impression it makes on them. Ever so slight a change as converting a man of business into a business man helps to Germanize our natural English speech, which does distinguish, if only it be left to itself, between substantives and adjectives. A split infinitive, though perhaps hard to condemn by any formal and technical rule, spoils even a pretty sentence because it is so hideous. So hideous and also so common. The verb "penalize" is not beautiful, and does not mean to punish. A neat term may be required for making an act punishable. But we read about "penalizing" persons, for whom punishment is always

bad enough, and often too bad. And why, oh why, "*quondam* friend?" Former friend is excellent English, so that in any case there would be no need for Latin. Moreover, *quondam* is an adverb, and should be used to qualify an epithet, not a man or a thing.

One of George Eliot's most delightful characters, Mr. Brooke in "*Middlemarch*," was in the habit of saying a thing merely because he had said it before. He was not alone. If the heathen have vain repetitions, that scarcely differentiates them from Christians. "I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel" was the opening sentence in a public oration of an English headmaster to his old pupils. Macaulay was rather too fond of using the same word several times in a short compass. But Macaulay would have stood aghast at the length to which this lazy practice has been carried. An enormous number of pithy English words are never used at all, whereas such silly combinations as "came along" or "a strong order" are pressed into perpetual servitude. Any phrase uttered by a public man which has the faintest spark of novelty is copied, appropriately or otherwise, until every one, including its author, must be bored to death with it. This is a most insidious and a most infectious vice. To crib from those who crib from others may not be a very exalted form of plagiarism. That it is frequent and fashionable, what reader of newspapers can deny? There are authors, for instance Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, who take full advantage of the magnificent resources at their disposal, who leave no stone of language unturned, no treasure-house unused. But they are men of genius, and a very small minority. Most of us are satisfied with the offscourings of verbiage, the leavings of conventional platitude. Even in Parliament the words are few, though they appear numerous from incessant repetition. A new joke is almost resented; an old joke is greeted with rapturous ap-

probal. English conservatism, which is quite independent of party, finds many strange vents, and this is one of the strangest. I think it was Disraeli who said of Peel that he never made a quotation which had not earned the meed of Parliamentary applause.

The lecture delivered by Mr. Henry James in June, 1905, to the graduating class at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, puts the point of my desultory remarks better than I could put it myself.

All life [says Mr. James] comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other. These relations are made possible, are registered, are verily constituted, by our speech, and are successful in proportion as our speech is worthy of its great human and social function; is developed, delicate, flexible, rich—an adequate, accomplished fact. The more it suggests and expresses, the more we live by it—the more it promotes and enhances life. Its quality, its authenticity, its security, are hence supremely important for the general multifold opportunity, for the dignity and integrity of our existence.

There is therefore nothing priggish or trivial in regard for accuracy or nicety of expression. "Language," says Max Müller, "is the true barrier which separates man from beast." In proportion as speech or writing—two aspects of the same thing—sinks below the level of human dignity and self-respect, so far the people who suffer the bathos fall in the scale of being. The "Essay on the Art of Sinking in Poetry," which has made the name of Martinus Scriblerus justly famous, might be extended to colloquial or literary prose. The constant recurrence of dull, ugly, common, almost meaningless phrases so lowers human intercourse that it scarcely ranks above what Carlyle used to call the chatter of Dead Sea apes. Mr. James in his lecture is concerned mainly with tone and pronunciation. But the principle is

the same, or at least the difference is no greater than subsists between cleanliness of person and neatness of dress.

Hazlitt, a critic of unusual insight and power, said that the poet Campbell paid most attention to expression where there was least to express, and the same thing is true of Bolingbroke in prose. That is the contrary vice, not a tendency or temptation of the present age. Our besetting sin is of an opposite kind. The charm of purity, the power of simplicity, are apt to be ignored in style. These are not everything. There is also natural music, the cunning use of verbal notes and syllabic order, so that the ear can be filled with the harmony while the mind drinks in the sense. Such a line as

Sonorous metal breathing martial sound
has a rare and curious quality which every one can feel, and no one can describe. Milton was a great musician, and Tennyson used to say that music began where language left off. But where does the English language leave off? What idea can it not ex-

press? What effect can it not produce? Great writers have drawn freely upon its riches and its splendor without fear and without danger of exhausting them. The words fall into new shapes, display fresh beauties, under the hand of a master, a Newman or a Froude, and we feel that our heritage is indeed beyond price, for no generosity can waste it. It is more precious now, for much has been added to it, and nothing has been taken away, since Richard Hooker wound up the first book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" with the sublime rhapsody:

"Therefore, that here we may briefly end, of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempted from her power, both angels and men, and creatures of what condition so ever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the author of their peace and joy."

A GREAT DARWINIAN AND HIS FRIENDS

By LEONARD HUXLEY



Tis nearly fifty years since the scientific, the literary and the religious worlds were shaken to their depths by the publication of the "Origin of Species." The great champions of that time have not all passed away: Alfred Russel Wallace, whose brilliant outline of a similar hypothesis provoked the publication of Darwin's twenty-year long research, is still with us and still active; so is Lord Avebury, youngest of a famous band of scientific workers;

so, too, the doyen of them, Sir Joseph Hooker, Darwin's closest and oldest friend.

Three generations of men have come and gone since Joseph Dalton Hooker saw the light at Halesworth, in Suffolk, on June 30, 1817. The generation into which he was born belonged to the last dark days of George III. The Regent was in his inglorious prime; the Bourbons and reaction thronged it in Paris; Waterloo was two years old, and the Allied troops were still quartered in the French fortresses which they had occupied as pledges for the fulfilment of the terms of the Peace of Paris.

Trafalgar Square, not yet graced with the National Gallery and the Nelson column, was being laid out, and the colonnade below its site removed to its present position at Hyde Park Corner. Across the Atlantic, Monroe was President; the United States numbered but twenty, and Lincoln, like Darwin a child of the *annus mirabilis* 1809, (they were born on the same day) was eight years old.

It was a generation that watched the uprising of the Romantic school in literature and the beginnings of the great political change which revolutionized England without the fiercer throes such as tore France or the Netherlands, Prussia or the Austrian Empire. And though as late as 1834 Sir Robert Peel, called home post-haste by a political crisis, reflected that he could travel from Rome to London no faster than the Emperor Severus, the mechanical revolution had begun not only to hasten social and political change, but to widen men's intellectual horizon, and in the steam-engine, the galvanometer, the telescope, the microscope, had set going agencies which were to modify men's elemental conceptions of the world about them and their own relation to it. The properties of matter were being closely searched out and classified; life itself was soon to be questioned boldly as to its origin and development.

But not yet. The England of 1817 was respectfully conservative in speculation; the thinkers who refused to regard the poetry of the Book of Genesis as a scientific treatise had no convincing theory to offer in its stead; there existed no overwhelming mass of knowledge dealing with the life of the earth and her children, of observation sifted, classified, and organized into the corporate whole of natural science, to which they might appeal as against the precision of dogmatic formulae into which the pressure of superincumbent deposits of theology had constrained and hardened a poetic vision of the creative mystery. To express doubts on this, after all, strictly scientific sub-

ject was blasphemous and even improper. The story runs that a provincial library committee once excluded the works of Thomas Carlyle because he was a theist, a pantheist, and an atheist. In the spirit, if not the letter, of this comprehensive verdict the world at large passed judgment on the doubter, and he was excluded from polite society. Many years were to go by before any voice should be uplifted to praise honest doubt as worth half the creeds.

But Joseph Dalton Hooker, though such was the atmosphere of the world into which he was born, was in a position to escape early from some of these intellectual fetters. On either side he was a member of a scientific family. His father, Sir William Hooker, another great botanist, who held from 1841 to 1865 the office of Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, in which his son was destined to succeed him, was the organizer who, in his twenty-four years' administration, converted Kew Gardens from a small royal pleasurehouse into a national—nay, international—power-house of living knowledge, with practical applications to agricultural industries all over the world which must conciliate the most persistent scorner of "mere science."

Unlike Charles Darwin, who came to science in a rather haphazard way, Joseph Hooker was trained for the medical profession, proceeding to Glasgow University from the Glasgow High School. Thereafter, at the age of twenty-one, he joined Sir James Ross's Antarctic Expedition in the good ships Erebus and Terror, whose names are still commemorated in the two great volcanoes revisited but the other day by Captain Scott. His eyes were among the first to rest upon the great frozen mountains which tower away, range after range, into the storm-shrouded distance beyond the chilly mass of the Great Ice Barrier, unapproached by explorers, untrodden by human foot, for another sixty

years, till the men of the Discovery penetrated their recesses.

His report on the botany of the southern regions won immediate recognition for its thoroughness and insight. He revealed the swarming, minute vegetable life of the Southern Ocean which supported the creatures of the sea, and his knowledge of the problems of distribution especially, thus gained, was destined to be of the greatest service to him when he came to grapple with the question of natural selection and the origin of species in company with his friend and leader Charles Darwin.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that the three men who were most closely allied in the long struggle over the evolution question had all passed through an apprenticeship to the sea. As Joseph Hooker spent four years in the Southern Seas, so Charles Darwin spent five years as assistant naturalist on the expedition of the Beagle and Thomas Henry Huxley nearly four as assistant surgeon on the Rattlesnake, which explored and surveyed the coasts of New Guinea and Australia. All three passed through a time of research and intellectual assimilation uninterrupted by the claims of society or the struggle for bread-winning, when new impressions could be digested, when there was time for reflection, while the mind and heart could be penetrated by the sense of the greatness of nature, and of the world forces untempered by the alleviating skill of civilization. The effect of such an experience is comparable to the withdrawal into the desert of seer or prophet while his ideas take ultimate shape and concentrate their force to burst upon the world with the strength of completeness and the fervor of conviction.

Another noteworthy coincidence is that after these expeditions both the younger men were attached to the geological survey of Great Britain under Sir Henry de la Beche, Joseph Hooker, as botanist, working especially at the flora of the coal measures. Once more the connection is exempli-

fied between geology and biological speculation, the historical teachings of the one providing a firm foundation for the latter to build upon. The record of the succession of life in the past demanded an explanation which should be valid equally for the past and for the present. If the theory of evolution had not been formulated by the biologists, it must have been invented by the students of geology.

The popular conception of a man of science, especially as drawn by the cheap romancer, who invariably oppresses him with the ghastly appellation of "scientist," is that of a morally shrivelled specialist, who willingly and remorselessly sacrifices romance and adventure and human ties, the poetic sense and the fulness of life, in the pursuit of a cold intellectual idea. Yet the records of science are full of adventure boldly sought, of the romance of exploration in wild countries as well as in the irresponsive realms of atoms and abstract ideas. Bates on the Amazon and André on the Orinoco were as full of the romance of the wild where they carried their lives in their hand as was the poet Charles Kingsley, who painted with such imaginative convincingness the wonders of a tropical forest he had never seen. No latter-day Nimrod took more sporting chances than Professor Marsh when he went a-digging for Dinosaurs in the foothills of the Rockies, while his scouts kept wary watch against the lively Redskins on the war-path, who were hankering after the scalps of the whole party. No boy adventurer ever essayed such an improbable exploit as that of Miklucho-Maclay. Jules Verne's heroes were always fortified by infallible mathematical deductions, and when Ballantyne's Jack and Ralph and Peterkin left their Coral Island for wilder and more bloodthirsty kingdoms they had at least made alliance with a grateful chief by rescuing him from the culinary attentions of his captor with the yellow wig. But Miklucho-Maclay calmly landed on the canni-

bal shores of New Guinea, bidding the Russian frigate which had brought him return in a year's time to take him off again—if he were not, indeed, physically incorporated with his too eager hosts. But the happy effrontery of his unannounced visit took their breath away. They did not eat him. They did not even kill the "Man from the Moon," as they called him, this man with the white skin such as they had never seen before. But they came near it. He had let them infer that he was invulnerable. They tested his courage one day as he sat outside his hut by playfully flinging spears within six inches of his head. He guessed their object, and sat quietly reading till they left off, pleased with his unconcern. It was touch and go on another occasion. One of his dusky friends came up to him with a big spear. "Is it really true that I could not kill you if I ran you through with this?" The man who hesitates is lost. "Try," said Miklucho-Maclay, with a quiet smile. The Papuan swung up his spear, poised it, faltered before the calm eye, and lowered the weapon with a laugh. "It's no good trying. Who would ask for a spear-thrust if it could hurt him?"

Trade and sport, it is true, lead men to many strange homes of adventure, but science still may seek where trade finds no gain and sport no quarry. The thrilling adventures of Nansen in the north and Scott in the south were just episodes by the way in the pursuit of knowledge, and adventure in the prim and donnish disguise of a research fellowship has been known to spirit a young biologist away to pursue a special investigation in the fairy wilds of tropical Celebes. Or, again, the geologist who joined a recent expedition to Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie in Eastern Equatorial Africa completed the history of the Great Rift Valley and the volcanic upraising of a watershed in a wide plain which shouldered off the waters of the Nile into their present course ages ago, turning them from their

ancient course that joined the cleft of the Red Sea, where once was the bed of the great northern river now scantily represented by a cribbed and curtailed Jordan. Living organisms also testify to the former union of the two rivers. There is a fish of ancient type found only in the upper waters of these now sundered streams, and this strange evidence Dr. Gregory was able to reinforce by further instances of living forms common to these remote regions.

Joseph Hooker had his full share of travel and adventure. Within four years of his return from the Antarctic he was off to the Himalayas. Four years he spent in travelling through the rain-rich valleys and stupendous highlands of this huge range, his steady activity in making a systematic collection of the Himalayan flora being diversified by imprisonment at the hands of the Rajah of Sikkim. Again, in 1860, he visited Syria to investigate the oak trees of that region; in 1871 he explored botanically the untrodden ranges of the Atlas Mountains in company with John Ball, statesman and botanist, but perhaps better remembered by a sport-loving nation as the first President of the Alpine Club than as a Fellow of the Royal Society or Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Palmerston's first administration. His last excursion was the least adventurous; but it took him to the United States, where he spent three months in collecting seeds and specimens and studying the distribution of American trees.

Here is color enough to transfuse the seemingly unromantic record of the labors of his thirty years' official connection with the Royal Gardens at Kew (as assistant to his father 1855-65, and as director 1865-85.); and his systematization of botany, which (if his colossal work contained in the "Genera Plantarum," or the Flora of British India and of New Zealand, lies beyond the ken of his countrymen) is at least gratefully known to every amateur botanist in England in the "British Flora," familiar under the

joint names of Bentham and Hooker. The highest official position in the scientific world was awarded him in 1873, when he was elected President of the Royal Society, to hold office for the regular term of five years.

Now the fresh research, the laborious systematizing of each worker in science, have one great difference from the personal achievement of the artist in form or color or language. His work can never rest long in its individual eminence. The more valuable it is, the sooner it becomes the basis of a loftier superstructure. Its glory is the impersonal glory of becoming the common property of the general mind—chipped, altered, broken, perhaps, in the course of time and criticism, but still the indispensable rubble which is built without more ado into the foundations of the temple of knowledge. Individual fame is nothing; the work is all. Even the man of the hour who by force of some architectonic idea, well proved, has readjusted the very ground-plan of the whole building, may see those lines varied and altered by the development of the changes he has set going, and his name linked with that of a successor who has modified his theories, or possibly relegated them to the dim and dusty archives of scientific history. Still, these rare names, like that of Darwin, must remain in imperishable memory as creative centres of thought, however the tides of knowledge may flood beyond the high-water mark they first recorded; and to have been associated with such a name in its first struggle with the traditional order is, in itself, a title to fame. And, indeed, such a struggle was a "glorious hour of crowded life," when the discoverer's uplifting joy amid the silence of his own "peak of Darien" was followed by the fiercer joys of intellectual battle and the spiritual upheaval of a new world-embracing idea, wherein, as in a fresh Renascence, the whole of life seemed to be recreated and to stand forth bathed in the yet unrealized effulgence of new light. Few indeed are the thinkers who have seen their

new ideas prevail within their own lifetime. Darwin was one, and with him stood his chief henchmen. "If Lyell, Hooker and Huxley are convinced," he said, "that is enough." Hooker, indeed, was the earliest confidant of his great conception. For fourteen years he alone shared the secret in full, bringing new material and criticism and sympathy to Darwin's aid.

Their first meeting was in the year 1839, in Trafalgar Square, where Hooker was walking with an officer who had sailed with Darwin on the Beagle, but had not met him since those days. But Darwin the naturalist was already known to the young student through the still unpublished proof-sheets of the famous journal—thanks to another common friend, Charles Lyell, of Kinnordy, father of the famous geologist—which Hooker, being desperately busy with his studies in order to take his degree before volunteering on Ross's Antarctic Expedition, used to sleep with under his pillow, so as to read them between waking and rising. Their long and intimate correspondence, however, began in December, 1843, very soon after the return of Ross's expedition. They had a common interest in the important question of the geographical distribution of living forms in the southern portion of South America. The skilled botanist, who had approached the problems which exercised the elder naturalist with a similar breadth of outlook, was able to fill up his outlines and buttress his ideas with a wealth of botanical observations. In return, Hooker's "*Flora of Australia*," published in 1859, could be described by Sir Charles Lyell as a "splendid essay on the origin of species, as illustrated by your wide botanical experience, (which) goes very far to raise the variety-making hypothesis to the rank of a theory, as accounting for the manner in which new species enter the world."

So rapidly was scientific sympathy established between the two men that within a month of the opening of their

correspondence Darwin confided in him (Jan. 11, 1844): "I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. . . . I think I have found out (here's presumption) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends." And just after the "*Origin of Species*" was published in 1859 he wrote in the same spirit: "You do not know how I admire your and Lyell's generous and unselfish sympathy. I do not believe either of you would have cared so much about your own work."

It is a quarter of a century, all but a few days, since death broke off this long and unremitting friendship, which united intellectual alliance with warm personal communion between two large-minded and large-hearted men. Rivalries and jealousies not a few have existed in the world scientific as they have existed in the world literary and artistic—in every world where personal achievement and professional interest may demand recognition; but it may safely be said that never was there such an ideal absence of anything of the sort as amongst the band of men who gathered round this simple and generous leader, men of strong character and restless energy though they were. Groups more or less similar have gathered round other leaders of thought in earlier intellectual and moral struggles; one recalls the friends of Erasmus, or the friends of Luther who sharpened their pens in his defence, or, at a less strenuous moment, the literary and artistic association of The Club, of which Johnson and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Burke were original members. But with the friends of Darwin there was a peculiar element at work. Not only were they welded into a compact body by the stress of the opposition which their common opinions encountered, but Darwin himself had a special claim upon them. They were his followers, but they were still more his friends. Fighting had to be done, and he hated fighting. "What that

affection really did," wrote T. H. Huxley years afterwards, "was to lead those of his friends who had seen good reason for his views to take much more trouble in his defence and support, and to strike out much harder at his adversary, than they would otherwise have done."

At the same time he says:

I have often remarked that I never knew any one of his intellectual rank who showed himself so tolerant to opponents, great and small, as Darwin did. Sensitive he was in the sense of being too ready to be depressed by adverse comment; but I never knew any one less easily hurt by fair criticism, or who less needed to be soothed by those who opposed him with good reason. I am sure I tried his patience often enough, without ever eliciting more than a "Well, there's a good deal in what you say; but"—and then followed something which nine times out of ten showed he had gone deeper into the business than I had.

But Darwin's wretched health prevented him from being often with his friends or playing an active part in the scientific world of London. He was indeed elected in 1854 to the Philosophical Club, founded in 1847, which was a half-social, half-scientific club in connection with the Royal Society, and, in addition to its other functions, regularly met for dinner before the evening meeting of the Society in order to increase the attendance.

But despite his resolution to attend regularly and see more of his scientific friends, with whom he feared to lose touch in his enforced seclusion at Down in Kent, circumstances forbade the experiment to be a lasting one, and he formally resigned his membership in 1864. Whatever personal associations were yet to be made by his friends might be unconsciously tinged by the personal influence which all the members felt in common, but were not to find the pivot of their being in his actual presence.

Several of Darwin's closest friends and followers belonged to the Philo-

sophical Club; but this, with its membership of forty-seven, was too large and too diversified to become their special meeting-ground. The majority of the scientific world were at first opposed to the doctrine of evolution in any form. In part, the previous arguments in its favour adduced by Lamarck, for instance, or by the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," fell lamentably short of carrying conviction, and by their failure alike strengthened the existing orthodox views and prejudiced future evolutionary argument. In part, certain philosophic and theological objections were raised with more vigor than strict relevance against the new theory which offered to upset the comfortable foundations of the house of thought in which so many minds had made their intellectual abiding place, and into which they had fitted all their other mental and moral furniture. On them was inflicted "that which the generality of mankind most hate—the necessity of revising their convictions." Dare we assert that the process would be more palatable to-day among any other upholders of an established creed? It may be so; it may be that the memory of this revolution is still too near, and the issues of freedom in thought too clearly set forth by the chief actors in it, for their successors to refuse so much as to contemplate the possibility of revision.

But in the years that followed the publication of the "Origin of Species" scant mercy was shown. Here was an attempt "to reinstate the old pagan goddess, Chance"; to "abolish teleology and eviscerate the argument from design," to degrade man and set up an antitheistic doctrine. There is no need to-day to repeat how fundamentally irrelevant these criticisms were; how long prior to Darwin are the philosophical and religious bearings of determinism, how there may be an ascent as well as a descent of man. The ultimate problems, indeed, were not solved, though certain solutions were shown

to be unreal and mankind delivered from their oppression.

Thus a club like the Philosophical was not altogether satisfactory, even had all the friends of Hooker and Huxley been included in its membership. Meantime they found themselves drifting apart in the press and stress of their daily work. They were not even certain of foregathering at the meetings of the various scientific societies to which they belonged. Kew seemed a "remote province" of London, and one writes to the other: "I wonder if we are ever to meet again in this world." In spite, then, of his later dictum that, to paraphrase Descartes, clubs, like hypotheses, are not to be multiplied beyond necessity, Professor Huxley proposed to his friend the formation of a lesser club of their own, not for the furthering of scientific objects or the providing papers for the Royal Society, like the Philosophical Club, but in order to afford a meeting-ground for a few friends who were bound together by personal regard and community of scientific interests. Its likeness to the Philosophical Club lay in the hour of its meeting for dinner, before the monthly meeting of the Royal Society, to which all the members belonged except Herbert Spencer. The plan was first mooted in January, 1864; the first meeting took place on November 3 following, at St. George's Hotel, Albemarle Street. This was their regular meeting place for many years, with the Athenaeum to fall back upon in case the St. George's could not have them. But in the middle eighties the Athenaeum became the regular meeting-place, and here the club's "coming of age" was celebrated in 1885.

Such was the inception of the famous X Club, "which," writes T. H. Huxley,

I believe had the credit of being a sort of scientific caucus, or ring, with some people. In fact, two distinguished colleagues of mine once carried on a conversation (which I gravely ignored) across me, in the smoking-room of the Athenaeum,

to this effect: "I say, A., do you know anything about the X Club?" "Oh, yes, B., I have heard of it. What do they do?" "Well, they govern scientific affairs, and really, on the whole, they don't do it badly." If my good friends could only have been present at a few of our meetings they would have formed a much less exalted idea of us, and would, I fear, have been much shocked at the sadly frivolous tone of our ordinary conversation.

But after all, as he wrote once to Hooker,

the club never had any purpose except the purely personal object of bringing together a few friends who did not want to drift apart. It has happened that these cronies had developed into bigwigs of various kinds, and therefore the club has incidentally—I might say accidentally—had a good deal of influence in the scientific world. But if I had to propose to a man to join, and he were to say, "Well, what is your object?" I should have to reply, like the needy knife-grinder, "Object, God bless you, sir, we've none to show."

The name of the club might suggest a membership of ten; but though the eight who met at the first meeting immediately elected a ninth friend, a tenth member was never added. No, the name had a wider mathematical significance; to quote again from T. H. Huxley:

At starting, our minds were terribly exercised over the name and constitution of our society. As opinions on this grave matter were no less numerous than the members—indeed, more so—we finally accepted the happy suggestion of our mathematicians to call it the X Club; and the proposal of some genius among us, that we should have no rules save the unwritten law not to have any, was carried by acclamation.

The club was not recruited from any one branch of science alone; indeed, there was perhaps originally some vague thought of associating representatives of each. Be that as it may, the nine who eventually came together could have managed between them to contribute most of

the articles to a scientific encyclopædia. Mathematics, for instance, were represented by Thomas Archer Hirst, afterwards Director of Naval Studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and William Spottiswoode, afterwards President of the Royal Society, the plain prose of whose life was to conduct the business of the Queen's printer; Physics by John Tyndall, Chemistry by Edward Frankland, Biology by T. H. Huxley, Botany by J. D. Hooker, Anatomy by George Busk, Archaeology by John Lubbock (the present Lord Avebury), Evolutionary Philosophy by Herbert Spencer.

Most of this little company had made acquaintance in the years immediately following T. H. Huxley's return from the Rattlesnake voyage, years for him of apparently hopeless struggle and waiting. He indeed seems to have been the central link between them all. In 1851 a letter to his future wife in Australia speaks of "his friend Hooker" enviable in that he is not separated from his fiancée by ten thousand miles of ocean. In these weary years, too, he early came to know—possibly through their naval connection—George Busk, afterwards President of the College of Surgeons, then officially surgeon to H.M.S. Dreadnought at Greenwich, who, with his clever and cultured wife, made the brilliant young naturalist constantly welcome in his homeless days.

The autumn of 1852 brought him into contact with Herbert Spencer, whose keen eye had noticed a passage in Huxley's paper on the Oceanic Hydrozoa read that year at the British Association which lent support to his own argument in an essay just published on the "Theory of Population." And in turn Huxley next year introduced the philosopher to John Tyndall—that lifelong "brother supernumerary" of the Huxley household who on Huxley's advice had come to London, taking Faraday's place at the Royal Institution.

Tyndall in turn brought his close friend Hirst, Professor of Mathe-

matics at University College, who with him had left the work of the Ordnance Survey to study at Marburg, and had then been his colleague at Queenwood College. So, too, he brought Frankland, another former colleague at Queenwood. In addition to an immensity of work in their own special lines, most of the members were engaged in leavening the thought of their time with pregnant ideas in philosophy, in education, even in politics.

But apart from the many scientific societies in which they took a prominent share of debate and administration, the members of this little club came in the course of things to occupy a leading place in the annals of the Royal Society and of science at large. Five of them received the Royal Medal; three the Copley; one the Rumford; six were Presidents of the British Association, three Associates of the Institute of France; and from their number the Royal Society chose a Secretary, a Foreign Secretary, a Treasurer, and three successive Presidents.

Of the two hundred and forty times that the club met, all nine members assembled only on twenty-seven occasions; but up to 1883, when the first gap was made in it by the death of Spottiswoode, the average attendance was seven—a number not too great for a perfectly balanced party; and it may be imagined that with their good proportion of able and witty talkers, who had no need to talk merely for effect, the dinner-table talk was not devoted to "shop" or dulness. Even the too meagre records, with their skeleton notes of the meetings, occasionally hint at entirely non-professional themes, as "talked politics, scandal, and the three classes of witnesses—liars, d—d liars, and experts."

Guests, too, came to these dinners; men of science or of letters, both English and foreign, from Darwin and the brilliant W. K. Clifford to Mr. John Morley, editor and man of letters before becoming a politician; from Helmholtz the German to the

Americans Marsh and Alexander Agassiz and Youmans. Here Dr. Youmans met several of the contributors to the International Science Series which he organized.

In the summer, too, for a short period, excursions were organized of members and their wives, symbolized by the algebraic notation of x's + yv's, but these grew increasingly difficult to arrange and were abandoned.

It is curious to notice how different were the habits of a somewhat similar club in the earlier part of the century, how much more of a Bohemian the man of science was, not only in reputation but in fact. The social status of the professional classes was much lower than it is to-day. The name apothecary or attorney breathed contempt; artist and writer had a touch of the vagabond about them, like their poor cousin, the player; the Shandons and Sawyers, nay almost Pendennis and Warrington themselves, were depicted as living in the coasts of Bohemia which bordered on Alsatia.

Even to be a professor was not to be a grave and reverend seignior. There was a certain Red Lion Club which foregathered during the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is described as follows in a letter by T. H. Huxley in 1851. He has just mentioned an article by Professor Forbes in the *Literary Gazette*—Forbes who, one surmises, might have been the tenth member of the X Club, had he but lived. A manuscript copy of the song referred to is still extant, written in my father's hand on a large sheet of paper, and elaborately illustrated with rapid pen-and-ink drawings ranging from the picturesque to the farcical.

In the same number is a rich song from the same fertile and versatile pen, which was sung at one of our Red Lion meetings. That is why I want you to look at it, not that you will understand it, because it is full of allusions to occurrences known only in the scientific circles. At Ipswich

we had a grand Red Lion meeting; about forty members were present, and among them some of the most distinguished members of the Association. Some foreigners were invited (the Prince of Canino, Buonaparte's nephew, among others), and were not a little astonished to see the grave professors, whose English solemnity and gravity they had doubtless commented on elsewhere, giving themselves up to all sorts of fun. Among the Red Lions we have a custom (instead of cheering) of waving and wagging one coat-tail (one Lion's tail) when we applaud. This seemed to strike the Prince's fancy amazingly, and when he got up to return thanks for his health being drunk, he told us that as he was rather out of practice in speaking English, he would return thanks in our fashion, and therewith he gave three mighty roars and wags, to the no small amusement of every one. He is singularly like the portraits of his uncle, and seems a very jolly, good-humored old fellow. I believe, however, he is a bit of a rip. It was remarkable how proud the Quakers were of being noticed by him.

There is the same note of rollicking five-and-twenty in a letter of a twelve-month earlier, when he describes how "last evening I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people. Owen (the famous anatomist) was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick."

All this was rather schoolboyish, and was left behind as Science came to her own in the kingdom of thought through the great struggles of the early sixties. To J. D. Hooker it was always distasteful.

The X Club maintained its corporate existence for twenty-eight years.

Even before then its ranks had grown sadly thin. Spottiswoode and Busk were dead; Tyndall and Hirst and Spencer and Huxley were more or less invalidated; meetings did not take place or were scantily attended; and although at a meeting in the spring of 1887, when Hooker, Tyndall and Huxley alone turned up, "we three old foggies voted unanimously that we were ready to pit ourselves against any three youngsters of the present generation in walking, climbing, or head-work, and give them odds," this "comfortable frame of mind" was not proof against the advance of time, and after the death of Hirst in February, 1892—that devoted supporter of the Club, who "would, I believe, represent it in his sole person, rather than pass the day over"—only one more meeting took place. "At our ages," wrote Sir Joseph Hooker, "clubs are an anachronism," and the X, which had existed solely for this group of friends and by its very nature did not admit of having its gaps filled by recruits from outside, came quietly to an end. It had fulfilled its function, and in so doing its work was greater than it knew. Science was doubtless the richer for this intimate association of some of its guiding spirits; but still more the annals of friendship are enriched by such a record of lasting union between men of dominant character and strong will. Other prizes and honors may make more show in the eyes of the world, but to have been Darwin's confidant and fellow-worker and to have been a paladin among the knightly fellowship, the Table Round of Science, is perhaps the dearest glory of the veteran whose ninetieth year the world is now honoring.



THE SO-CALLED "GRAFTON PORTRAIT" OF SHAKESPEARE

By M. H. SPIELMANN



FEW weeks ago the readers of England were surprised by the reproduction throughout the press of the country of an alleged portrait of Shakespeare as a youth, accompanied by a circumstantial statement as to its discovery and value. The discoverer, it was stated, was I, who, after examining the picture in the possession of the Misses Ludgate at Winston-on-Tees, had set on it the imprimatur of my high authority, with the counter-seal of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, who had pronounced this earliest likeness of the poet to be worth from £3000 to £4000.

This statement was a piece of journalistic bluff, for which the owners appear to be in no way responsible. Messrs. Christie did not know, and had not valued, the picture. I had never seen it. The only foundation of the ingenious story is this: Being engaged on an exhaustive work on the portraits of Shakespeare, I wrote to the Misses Ludgate (as I have written to scores of other owners of pictures with Shakespearian claims) in respect to the same portrait, lent years ago to the Shakespeare memorial in Stratford-on-Avon; and at my request they courteously had a photograph taken and forwarded to me. Judging only from the photograph, as I made it clear, I said that the picture appeared to me an interesting one, and so far as I could tell a genuine painting of the time to which it apparently

belongs. But as to its claim to be a likeness of the poet I said not a word, and not a word that allowed it to be thought that I accepted it as such. Then an enterprising journalist in the north of England got wind of it, and on that breeze the strange story was puffed to the four quarters of the Kingdom.

The picture is on an oak panel measuring $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It is inscribed "AESVÆ 24 1588" in raised brass or gilt letters. The youth's head is covered with a shock of curly black hair. The doublet is apparently of crimson velvet slashed, and shows maces of gold, and is, I am assured by a competent critic, fine in color. The head is well and incisively drawn, in the somewhat dry manner of the period. Indeed, there is something very like the example set by Holbein or Bettes in the handling of the face; but no fine artist would have retained the objectionable four cross-lines of the gauze collar without an attempt at softening the effect. The nose is somewhat thick; and a budding moustache appears on the upper lip, while at the further termination of the under lip we find that abrupt ending, in relation to the upper lip, which we see in many portraits of the time, but not later. It is to be found in the Droeshout, Ely Palace and Flower portraits of Shakespeare. At the back of the picture "W & S" has been branded; but I am compelled to add that in the opinion of Mr. Salt Brassington, the Keeper of the Shakespeare Memorials, the mark is not coeval with the picture.

This panel, the owners inform me,

has been in their family, on the mother's side, for five or six generations—a date respectably remote, but not carrying us much further back than the year 1730. To whom did it belong before that date? Thereafter, we are assured, it hung in a farmhouse belonging to the Duke of Grafton, and in the possession of a yeoman named Smith, the maternal ancestor of the present owners, until its removal to the Bridgwater Arms by Mrs. Ludgate (*née* Smith) on the death of her husband. Tradition has it that "Old Mat," as the picture was called in the family, was at one time in the possession of a Duke of Grafton himself; if so, how came he to part with so precious a treasure to one of his simple yeomen?

But doubts of a more solid kind are awakened when we are asked to accept this picture as a portrait of Shakespeare. It must be borne in mind that the painting of a man's portrait was a serious thing in the sixteenth century; nobles and men of wealth indulged in it, and men of distinction would sit to painters for their portraits. But Shakespeare—what was his position at the

time? We know nothing of him then, except that he was attached to the theatre and was not to be heard of for four years, so far as dramatic history reveals. We know, or at least we have good reason to believe, that he was engaged in the theatre—at that time considered no very reputable place—in a "servile" position; he may not have risen to be call-boy. Is it credible that a youth so occupied, in an inglorious vocation, should have had his portrait painted in a manner usually reserved for men and women of position or established reputation? It has been asserted that the picture agrees closely with the "Welcombe portrait" of Shakespeare. So it does, as to pose and as to the drawing of the left eye. There the resemblance ceases. But were the likeness complete it would signify nothing; for the "Welcombe portrait" has no real claim to genuineness, not even the all-needful antiquity. The appeal *ad hominem*, therefore, falls to the ground, and the Grafton picture, in my opinion, must be entered in that large category of Shakespeare portraits which are genuine portraits—of somebody else.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HISTORIANS

By JOHN SPENCER BASSETT



T is more than thirty years since the scientific method began to be applied to the study and writing of history in the United States, and it is time for us to begin to ask ourselves what are the results. The change came at a period when the old school was more than ordinarily fruitful in achievement. Bancroft, Prescott, Motley and Hildreth, besides many minor writers, made the generation before 1875 well acquainted with their works, and Parkman, who is rather of a transitional character, brought over much of the old school

into the period in which the new was to find its best triumphs. It was probably not within the anticipation of these gentlemen when they finished their work that forces were about to appear which would cast it aside as nearly useless.

As applied to creative scholarship the principles of the new school included minute and accurate investigation, reserved judgment, impartial feeling, a fondness for institutions rather than for personalities, and a touch of iconoclasm in dealing with the accepted facts of the old school. The movement began in the universities, and there it has ever had its greatest strength; but its

influence has by this time penetrated into many other centres of educational activity, as well as into some of the learned professions. It is without doubt a permanent fact in our literary life.

One of the first results of the movement was to turn the large majority of historical students into the field of United States history. Of the five members of the old school who have just been mentioned two gave themselves to American, and two to European, history; while one, Parkman, was about equally divided in his feelings between Canada and his own country. Of the recognized authorities and investigators now at work, the large majority are giving little attention to Europe. This is not because of any lack of readers' interest in Old World history; on the other hand, it is probable that any competent American who made a good book on any attractive phase of trans-Atlantic history would find reasonable appreciation in his own country merely on the ground that he was a native. The real reason most of the investigation is in American subjects is the greater accessibility of American materials. So strongly does the new school, here and abroad, insist on scholarship that, with the resources at hand, it is very difficult for students working in this country to do research which will compare favorably with the work of Europeans. They are thus forced to limit their efforts to fields of history which can be worked through our own archives.

The old school laid great stress upon form. For example, Prescott's equipment for an historical career included, first of all, a long course of reading in English and other literatures. He read systematically, taking notes on the styles of the various authors and digesting his notes from time to time in criticisms intended for his own eyes alone. He thus acquired an attractive narrative style which made the appearance of one of his volumes as much of a literary event as the publication of a book by a leading novelist.

The new school has placed scholarship so far before form that it has often established a complete divorce between them. As a result, readability has been sacrificed to such an extent that it is doubtful if history is now believed to belong to what our fathers used to call "entertaining literature." When an investigator has spent a long time in tracing to an ultimate basis some new fact, and especially when he thinks he has made a discovery of some hitherto unknown fact, it is difficult for him to make up his mind to leave it out of his story. Thus we have histories which are but poorly connected masses of notes and series of ill-digested chapters with no sense of architectural form. A brilliant critic has applied the phrase "dull and formless scholarship" to the whole output of the new school.

The members of this school have not lacked in courage. As soon as they formed their purpose they attacked the whole mass of American history with the purpose of re-writing it. Some were content to make monographs, and others undertook to go over the whole field in the old-fashioned series of several respectable volumes. One of our most notable living historians has just begun to re-write our whole history on this plan, another is approaching the end of a seven-volume series on the century which followed the Revolution, while still another has just completed a series of similar extent on the period from 1850 to 1877. In recent years there has appeared another group, who employ the co-operative method. What they lose in consistency of presentation they gain in celerity of production. The former method is undoubtedly hampered from both the publisher's and the author's point of view because it is in danger of requiring so much time that the first volume will become obsolete before the last volume is off the press.

One of the first announcements of the new school came from Professor McMaster, who twenty-four years ago published the initial volume of

"A History of the People of the United States from the Adoption of the Constitution to the Civil War." He first spoke of five volumes, but the sixth,* which covers the period from 1830 to 1842, makes us wonder if he can complete his task in less than two more volumes. This big book, which may well be called a life-work, is a mine of information. All the severest demands of the new school as to scholarship and industry are fully met, and there is in it a wholesome human sympathy. Moreover, the later volumes are free from a certain small tendency to dwell unduly on striking incidents at the cost of the main events. He has had in his sixth volume the good fortune to be the first historian who could use the new material in the vast collection of Jackson manuscripts recently placed in the Library of Congress.

While yet Professor McMaster was proceeding in the early stages of his task, a retired business man of the West took up the enterprise of writing the history of the United States from the compromise of 1850 till the administration of Grover Cleveland. It was in 1893 that Mr. Rhodes's first volume was placed before the public. It had a favorable reception and its successors have met a similar fortune. Working full time and with the aid of competent assistants, the author proceeded faster than he could have done if he had been a teacher or a man relying entirely on his own efforts. Thus we have his completed work in seven volumes eighteen years after he began to write.† The original purpose was to carry the work down to the return of the Democrats to power in 1885, but as time passed the author decided that the election of Hayes, when the Southern question ceased to be a national issue, would be a more logical halting-place. He has, therefore, made his seventh volume close

**A History of the People of the United States.*
By John Bach McMaster. Vol. vi. Appleton.

†*History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. v. 1904; Vols. vi and vii. 1906. Macmillan.

the series with the end of Grant's second administration. It is probably a wise determination, although it must have been suddenly adopted. (See vol. vii, p. 17, n. 3.)

While not strikingly original either in his conceptions of the import of the events of his period or in the manner in which he sets them forth, Mr. Rhodes has given us a piece of historical narrative which will command respect for solidity, fairness, and accuracy. It is written by a man who feels no aversion to the men who fought against the Union, one who can see the position of those who felt the burdens of reconstruction, and who is unwilling to do injustice to either side. He had to deal with questions about which men have been accustomed to range themselves firmly on opposing sides, and the task was a difficult one. In his desire to be fair, he may have fallen into the error of being inconclusive; but on such matters as these who shall be sure of the truth? And how can we ever know the truth about the burning of Columbia? or place the responsibility with exactness for the horrors of Andersonville? And is it material that we should determine these questions? Is it not chiefly essential that we should know that there were two sides of each question and that the conduct of the men on each side was consistent from their respective standpoints?

Mr. Rhodes will be read with ease. One could wish for a more explicit arrangement of chapters and for some chapter headings; but these are not serious deficiencies. The narrative proceeds with clearness, the information is abundant, and the air of authority is unquestioned. It will be a long time before these seven volumes are thrown aside as worthless.

While Mr. Rhodes has been closing his labors two other historians have been announcing new ones. Each of them has undertaken to write about the whole history of the nation. The first volume* of Professor Chan-

**History of the United States.* By Edward Channing. Vol. i. Macmillan.

ning's work has been out for nearly three years, and the second is about to appear. We are not told how many are to follow, but from the way the series begins it may well run to ten. In scholarship the author leaves nothing to be desired. He has summed up the results of recent investigations in the best spirit. He has presented his story in an incisive and nervous style which will please most readers; he has known how to omit pedantic discussions of doubtful points, yet he keeps in mind the requirements of truth-seekers; and he has the faculty of making some of his paragraphs sparkle with real literary ability. Two defects must be mentioned: he is frequently fliprant (see vol. i, p. 125), and his transitions are often abrupt.

Almost coincident with the appearance of this work we have from the West a book still more ambitious. Twenty years ago Mr. Avery, who was then widely known as a writer of successful text-books in science, turned his attention to the history of the United States. After long years of preparation he has published two of the fourteen volumes of text in which he expects to complete his work.* The avowed purpose of the author is to write a history for cultivated people, without any regard to the wants of the special student. Footnotes have been discarded, and the use of original materials has been confessedly neglected. But the author gives us his word that he has spared no pains to make his statements trustworthy, and we have continual evidence that the assertion is a sincere one. Mr. Avery sets out to give us all the history that we may desire to know. His first volume includes much that Channing leaves unnoticed, notably prehistoric conditions and the distribution and characteristics of the Indians. The story is told with commendable plainness, but without notable vivacity. It makes, on the whole, a clear and

informing narrative, a book which ought to fill well the purpose for which it is written. It is not, however, in point of composition a product of the new school. Its methods are more like those of the old, with a little less insistence on style.

In respect of its material make-up Avery's work is one of the most notable books ever printed in America, and no doubt the most notable in American history. It appears in beautiful old-fashioned type, ample margins, and excellent paper. Its illustrations are abundant and serviceable: they are chiefly reproductions of original pictures, and they are really illustrative. All the maps, and they are numerous, are in colors, except where good reasons make it impossible to depart from black and white. If this handsome book-making does not result in a prohibitive price, the efforts of the publishers in this direction deserve more than ordinary commendation.

The most noteworthy co-operative history of the United States is "The American Nation," under the editorship of Professor Hart. Twenty-four members of the new school of history have labored on it, and we have therefore, an opportunity to pass judgment on the new method. But it does not represent the most scholarly research of this school. It is, at best, a good popular history based upon the most recent investigation. For although the twenty-seven volumes of the series make a rather impressive appearance, it must be remembered that they have only about seventy-five thousand words each, and that they are not so exhaustive in particular periods as either MacMaster, Bancroft, or Schouler.

As to rapidity of production, the work is undoubtedly a success. The first volume came from the press in 1904 and the twenty-first is now before the public with good prospects that the remainder will appear during the present year. As to quality the general average is good, and some of the volumes, marked by more originality than could be expected in

*History of the United States and Its People. By Elroy McKendree Avery. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Company. Vols. i and ii.

others, contain distinct contributions to historical knowledge. Out of this comes, however, a certain unevenness of treatment which is the greatest drawback of the co-operative method. Another defect is the inequality which comes from having succeeding volumes from men who have different points of view. It is hardly to the point to say that this gives a pleasant variety as compared with several volumes by one person. It is no advantage to have one volume from a writer who has whig leanings and a succeeding one from a man who leans to democratic doctrines; though it might be worth one's while to read a given period by a whig and then by a democrat. Such variety would be informing, whereas the other is only confusing.

The most recent volumes of "The American Nation" deal with the Civil War period. Professor Hart* ushers us into the subject in a long and substantial discussion of slavery as an institution. He does not take us far into the narrative proper, but makes a study of the conditions of slavery in the South, its effects on American life, the rise of Abolition sentiment, and the political aspects of the question. The author is a Northern man of strong convictions, but his book shows continual efforts at fairness, and he has a task in which fairness is the chief requisite. He gives the slaveholder credit for honesty and benevolence, and a desire to make the best of a bad system. Probably this is as much as can be expected of any writer at this stage of our progress. The Southerners who are not sensitive must find his the most satisfactory treatment of the subject since the days of partisan agitation. The one fault important enough to mention is the abridged treatment of the political side of Van Buren's administration.

Professor Garrison's continuation of the general narrative proceeds in a more regular manner.† After

two chapters on conditions on the frontier he takes up the election of 1840, and he does not release his hold on the affairs of the nation till he has disposed of the compromise of 1850. His style is always good and the same may be said of his industry, but some of his conclusions seem to the reviewer to lack definiteness; for example, his regret that presidential elections do not turn on single issues (p. 136), and his reflections on the Louisiana frauds of 1844 (p. 139).

The years (1850-1859) are treated by Professor Smith in a spirit of fairness and accuracy.* Particularly, one must commend his chapter on railroad building. His narrative, however, is lacking in orderly arrangement and the reviewer dissents from some of his judgments. Among the latter is the assertion that Clay, Webster and Calhoun "had no love for office-brokering" (p. 53). These gentlemen did undoubtedly exhibit a certain amount of outward dignity in their operations, but they nevertheless knew how to play the game of politics quite as effectively in their day as Van Buren and Weed. (See Clay's attack on Jackson in 1818, and Calhoun's attitude toward Van Buren in regard to the nomination in 1844.) Also, it is doubtful if Van Buren, the arch-manipulator, ever thrust into his diplomatic correspondence a more out-and-out piece of buncombe than that of Webster quoted by Professor Smith on page 77.

Notable for clear outline, attractive style, fairness and insight is Rear-Admiral Chadwick's volume on the period from 1859 to 1861.† He has to deal with the causes of the Civil War, the raid of John Brown, the election of 1860, the secession of the Southern States, the attempts at compromise, and the events connected with the attack on Sumter. In this field there is not much new material, but the old is worked into an admirable piece of well-digested narrative, and it takes its place as

* Slavery and Abolition. By Albert Bushnell Hart Harper.

† Westward Expansion. By George Pierce Garrison. Harper.

* Parties and Slavery. By Theodore Clarke Smith. Harper.

† Causes of the Civil War. By French Ensor Chadwick. Harper.

one of the best volumes in the series. Mr. Hosmer, who follows with two volumes on the Civil War,* is to be commended first of all for his fairness in dealing with a subject which has ever been a matter of controversy. If he had prejudices, his sense of scholarship has triumphed over them. It will be especially agreeable to Southerners to see this Northern historian and former soldier writing of Jefferson Davis as "a man of power and thorough sincerity," a possessor of "commanding personality," and, from the description given, a gentleman in both appearance and conduct. The narrative is distinctly military, but interspersed are some very good chapters on civil affairs, notably those on "Life in War-Time," "Readjustment of the States" and "Military Severities." Military movements have been grasped with full understanding; and although the presentation of them may seem a little too condensed, the two volumes make one of the best short narratives of the Civil War.

A most important feature of Professor Hart's series is the chapter at the close of each volume on sources of information. Taken all together these make a valuable and well arranged bibliography of the history of the United States. Excellent maps also abound in the various volumes.

Professor Peck, who is noted for his original and forceful opinions in literary matters, has ventured into the realm of history.† One will read him here with the same interest as on his more usual subject. Beginning with Cleveland's first inauguration, he has a field which has been little worked; and it must be confessed that he has produced a useful narrative, although it is not a profound study of social forces. He ever keeps personalities in the foreground, and his opinions of men and events are not expressed with that degree of

understatement which is so dear to the new school of historians. But for Americans who like hearty distribution of praise and condemnation he will be a pleasant and satisfactory authority. In the mere matter of narration his book contains many points which the more stately writers would do well to study.

Two other recent books are worthy of notice, although they are not of first-rate pretensions. Haworth's account of the Hayes-Tilden election * is a careful and exhaustive study of a very complex piece of history. It has the fault of leaning to one side of the controversy. On all the controverted points it declares for the Republicans. If the author could by some means have divided his opinions he would have freed himself from the suspicion of partisanship, for it is one of the principles of the new school that each side of a subject should receive something in the distribution of honors. Unfortunately, the election of 1876 is a matter on which any material point allotted to the Democrats would reverse the decision of the electoral commission. Mr. Haworth's book will be received as the best statement of the case for President Hayes. Friends of Mr. Tilden will still have to rely on Mr. Bigelow.

The volume of recollections selected by Mr. Gaillard Hunt from the correspondence of Mrs. Smith makes one of the most interesting contributions to the history of the social life of the country in recent times.† It consists solely of letters written by a brilliant woman who knew everybody in Washington during the first forty years of the past century. They leave few of the men of the day unmentioned, and all who pass under the glance of the writer receive some characteristic touches which the reader cannot easily forget.

* *The Appeal to Arms. The Outcome of the Civil War.* By James Kendall Hosmer. Harper.
† *Twenty Years of the Republic.* By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

* The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Election of 1876. By Paul Leland Haworth. Burrows Brothers Co.
† *The First Forty Years of Washington Society.* By Margaret Bayard Smith. Scribner.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader

George Bernard Shaw intermittently forgetful of himself and considering other people is by G. B. S. no means Shaw at his most antic, but is, *me judice*, Shaw at his best. It is not necessary to be dancing hornpipes and snapping your fingers in the face of the public to be interesting. In fact, it tends to coherency when you do not do these things. I enjoy the Shaw of "You Never Can Tell," but I do not profess to make him out. I consider that he flouts me in a style unbecoming to a dramatist and a man of brains, and yet his wit so warms me that I hide my affronted dignity behind an exhibit of gratified mentality.

The Shaw of "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" is perfectly intelligible; he is also quite as witty as the Shaw of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant"—even, perhaps, more witty. Of course critical work is harder to read and less easy to talk about interestingly than "creative" work; it also demands, for full pleasure to the reader, some familiarity with the thing criticised. So, perhaps, the "Dramatic Opinions" may not be so widely read as their merits justify, but whoever dips into them will return again and again. One envies the Londoners who had these criticisms weekly, for nearly four years, as a running accompaniment to their theatre-going. There might be a more reliable guide to the modern drama, but there could hardly be one more piquant.

No explanation of Shaw ought to be attempted. There are some

things that are ruined by explanation. Consider the immortality of *One Ex-
planer* and the *Man with the Iron
Mask*. If they had ever been explained, they would now be in the limbo of exploded soap-bubbles. In the face of this conviction I have devised an explanation of Shaw from reading the "Dramatic Opinions." It is a poor thing, but mine own. Here it is:

Critical work, unless it is of the great constructive type, is less responsible than creative work. But three constructive critics to a century is a liberal allowance. Other critics are sheer impressionists with a trick of saying things, of setting forth the point of view. Their resources being somewhat slender, much is permitted them in the way of vivacity at the expense of the thing criticised. A critic who is serious *all* the time is such a bore! A critic who is piquant all the time might be equally tiresome. The ideal critic (from the reader's standpoint, of course) is a mixture of dignity, flippancy, brilliance, colossal audacity and sudden, suspicious earnestness—in a word, Shaw!

But these qualities, so appropriate and appetizing in critical literature, are bewildering and upsetting in creative work. We are not used to creative writers who take themselves and their work both irreverently and with vociferation—which is the attitude of Shaw. He is great fun, but he is not playing the game. Not thus should dramatists and novelists conduct themselves. Shaw is simply a born critic gone wrong.



